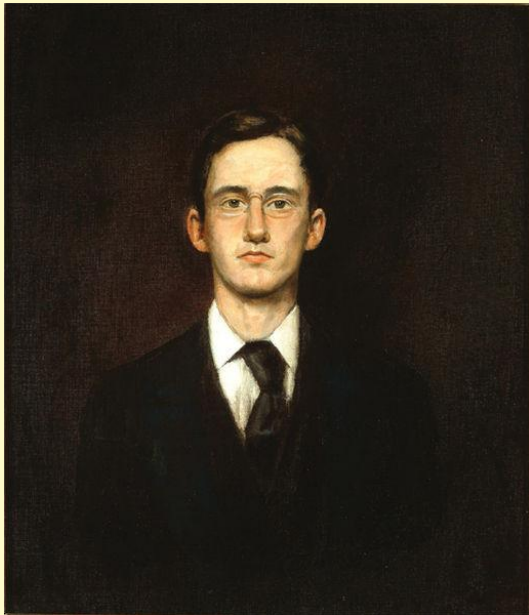


# THINGS PAST – FEBRUARY 2016

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*Self-Portrait*, John Sloan 1890 (oil on windowshade)

## MODERN ART IN AMERICA, 1921

From The Project Gutenberg EBook 20921

of *Adventures in the Arts*, by Marsden Hartley

The question may be asked, what is the hope of modern art in America? The first reply would be that modern art will one day be realized in America if only from experience we learn that all things happen in America by means of the epidemical principle. It is of little visible use that single individuals, by sitting in the solitary confinement of their as yet little understood enthusiasms, shall hope to achieve what is necessary for the American idea, precisely as necessary for us here as for the peoples of Europe who have long since recognized that any movement toward expression is a movement of unquestionable importance.

Until the moment when public sincerity and the public passion for excitement is stimulated, the vague art interests of America will go on in their dry and conventional manner. The very acute discernment of Maurice Vlaminck that "intelligence is international, stupidity is national, art is local" is a valuable deduction to make, and applies in the two latter instances as admirably to America as to any other country. Our national stupidity in matters of esthetic modernity is a matter for obvious acceptance, and not at all for amazement.

That art is local is likewise just as true of America as of any other country, and despite the judgment of stodgy minds, there is a definite product which is peculiar to our specific temper and localized sensibility as it is of any other country which is nameable. Despite the fact that impressionism is still exaggeration, and that large sums are still being paid for a "sheep-piece" of Charles Jacques, as likewise for a Ridgeway Knight, there is a well defined grouping of younger painters working for a definitely localized idea of modernism, just as in modern poetry there is a grouping of poets in America who are adding new values to the English language, as well as assisting in the realization of a freshly evolved localized personality in modern poetics.

Art in America is like a patent medicine, or a vacuum cleaner. It can hope for no success until ninety million people know what it is. The spread of art as "culture" in America is from all appearances having little or no success because stupidity in such matters is so national. There is a very vague consideration of modern art among the directors of museums and among art dealers, but the comprehension is as vague as the interest. Outside of a Van Gogh exhibition, a few Matisse's, now and then a Cézanne exhibited with great feeling of condescension, there is little to show the American public that art is as much a necessity as a substantial array of food is to an empty stomach. The public hunger cannot groan for what it does not recognize as real nourishment. There is no reason in the world why America does not have as many chances to see modern art as Europe has, save for minor matters of distance. The peoples of the world are alike, sensibilities are of the same nature everywhere among the so-called civilized, and it must be remembered always that the so-called primitive races invented for their own racial salvation what was not to be found ready made for them. Modern art is just as much of a necessity to us as art was to the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks. Those peoples have the advantage of us only because they were in a higher state of culture as a racial unit. They have no more of a monopoly upon the idea of rhythm and organization than we have, because that which was typical of the human consciousness then, is typical of it now. As a result of the war, there has been, it must be said, a heightening of national consciousness in all countries, because creative minds that

were allowed to survive were sent home to struggle with the problem of their own soil.

There is no reason whatever for believing that America cannot have as many good artists as any other country. It simply does not have them because the integrity of the artist is trifled with by the intriguing agencies of materialism. Painters find the struggle too keen and it is easy to become the advertising designer, or the merchant in painting, which is what many of our respectable artists have become. The lust for prosperity takes the place of artistic integrity and courage. But America need not be surprised to find that it has a creditable grouping of artists sufficiently interested in the value of modern art as an expression of our time, men and possibly some women, who feel that art is a matter of private aristocratic satisfaction at least, until the public is awakened to the idea that art is an essentially local affair and the more local it becomes by means of comprehension of the international character, the truer it will be to the place in which it is produced.

A catalogue of names will suffice to indicate the character and variation of the localized degree of expression we are free to call American in type: Morgan Russell, S. Macdonald Wright, Arthur G. Dove, William Yarrow, Dickinson, Thomas H. Benton, Abraham Walkowitz, Max Weber, Ben Benn, John Marin, Charles Demuth, Charles Sheeler, Marsden Hartley, Andrew Dasburg, William McFee, Man Ray, Walt Kuhn, John Covert, Morton Schamberg, Georgia O'Keeffe, Stuart Davis, Rex Slinkard. Added to these, the three modern photographers Alfred Stieglitz, Charles Sheeler, and Paul Strand must be included. Besides these indigenous names, shall we place the foreign artists whose work falls into line in the movement toward modern art in America, Joseph Stella, Marcel Duchamp, Gaston Lachaise, Eli Nadelman. There may be no least questioning as to how much success all of these artists would have in their respective ways in the various groupings that prevail in Europe at this time. They would be recognized at once for the authenticity of their experience and for their integrity as artists gifted with international intelligence. There is no reason to feel that prevailing organizations like the Society of Independent Artists, Inc., and the Société Anonyme, Inc., will not bear a great increase of influence and power upon the public, as there is every reason to believe that at one time or another the public will realize what is being done for them by these societies, as well as what was done by the so famous "291" gallery.

The effect however is not vast enough because the public finds no shock in the idea of art. It is not melodramatic enough and America must be appealed to through its essentially typical melodramatic instincts. There is always enough music, and there are some who

certainly can say altogether too much of the kind there is in this country. The same thing can be said of painting. There is altogether too much of comfortable art, the art of the uplifted illustration. It is the reflex of the Anglo-Saxon passion for story-telling in pictures which should be relegated to the field of the magazines. Great art often tells a story but great art is always something plus the idea. Ordinary art does not rise above it.

I often wonder why it is that America, which is essentially a country of sports and gamblers, has not the European courage as well as rapacity for fresh development in cultural matters. Can it be because America is not really intelligent? I should be embarrassed in thinking so. There is nevertheless an obvious lethargy in the appreciation of creative taste and a still lingering yet old-fashioned faith in the continual necessity for importation. America has a great body of assimilators, and out of this gift for uncreative assimilation has come the type of art we are supposed to accept as our own. It is not at all difficult to prove that America has now an encouraging and competent group of young and vigorous synthesists who are showing with intelligence what they have learned from the newest and most engaging development of art, which is to say--modern art. The names which have been inserted above are the definite indication, and one may go so far as to say proof, of this argument that modern art in America is rapidly becoming an intelligently localized realization.

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### Special Pleading.

From The Project Gutenberg Etext #579  
of "The Poems of Sidney Lanier"

Time, hurry my Love to me:  
Haste, haste! Lov'st not good company?  
Here's but a heart-break sandy waste  
'Twixt Now and Then. Why, killing haste  
Were best, dear Time, for thee, for thee!

Oh, would that I might divine  
Thy name beyond the zodiac sign  
Wherefrom our times-to-come descend.  
He called thee 'Sometime'. Change it, friend:  
'Now-time' sounds so much more fine!

Sweet Sometime, fly fast to me:  
Poor Now-time sits in the Lonesome-tree  
And broods as gray as any dove,  
And calls, 'When wilt thou come, O Love?'

And pleads across the waste to thee.

Good Moment, that giv'st him me,  
Wast ever in love? Maybe, maybe  
Thou'lt be this heavenly velvet time  
When Day and Night as rhyme and rhyme  
Set lip to lip dusk-modestly;

Or haply some noon afar,  
-- O life's top bud, mixt rose and star,  
How ever can thine utmost sweet  
Be star-consummate, rose-complete,  
Till thy rich reds full opened are?

Well, be it dusk-time or noon-time,  
I ask but one small boon, Time:  
Come thou in night, come thou in day,  
I care not, I care not: have thine own way,  
But only, but only, come soon, Time.

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Baltimore, 1875.

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### THE CROOKS ARE ORDERED TO PAY.

—*The Miners' Magazine*. 1914

The following clipping has been taken from the Boston Herald of the date of June 19, and forwarded to the Miners' Magazine for publication:

"The members of the strike committee of the Lawrence textile strike of the winter of 1911-12, Joseph Bedard, William Trautmann, Joseph Shaheen and William Yates, are personally liable for the expenditure of the fund contributed for the relief of the strikers, the full bench of the Supreme Court decided today. The court ordered them to pay to the Clerk of the Supreme Court \$5,800 with interest, and orders Bedard, Trautmann and Shaheen to pay to the clerk the further Sum of \$9,579.85, all as representing money received and not accounted for. The court finds that the fund was a public charitable trust. The proceedings for an accounting of the fund was brought by former Attorney-General Swift at the relation of the Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, James M. Prendergast and other contributors to the fund. "The strike committee received contributions amounting to \$62,564.40, of which the A. F. of L. gave \$10,025.06, the Socialists \$19,383.66. The sum of \$46,188.72 was deposited with the Lawrence Trust Company in the name of the I. W. W., local 20, and \$16,375.68 received was not deposited. The committee members contended it was impossible to determine which part of the fund was contributed for relief and which for general purposes. The court says it was for them to keep the trust fund distinct from other money received and the consequences

of failure to do so must fall upon themselves." The above extract taken from the Boston Herald shows the usual manner in which funds have been handled by the promoters of the "One Big Union." The disrupters and breeders of dissension made some history in Spokane, Washington, where a fight was launched under the pretext that the constitutional right of free

speech had been trampled under foot by the police authorities of Spokane, and many hundreds and thousands of people scattered throughout the country, believing that constitutional rights were being violated were generous in their contributions to the aggregation who made Free Speech a pretext to gather revenue. Free Speech has been a Valuable asset for the advocates of "sabotage," "direct action" and "hitting the ballot box with an axe."

San Diego was another fertile field for the revenue aggregation, and no one as yet has been able to ascertain the amount of money that was collected for the so-called free speech fights at Spokane and San Diego, as keeping accounts was looked upon as unnecessary by that valiant coterie that has bummed every labor organization in America, and then afterwards, branded such organizations as "Scab-hatcheries." The crookedness at Lawrence in the handling of funds would never have become known to the public were it not that the crooks fell out with each other and then an accounting was demanded which revealed the fact that about \$16,000 was misappropriated. Had investigations been held relative to the disposition of funds at Spokane, San Diego, Patterson, McKees Rocks and other places where the I. W. W. has raised hell, it is probable that there would have been disclosed as bold and as bare-faced juggling of funds as was uncovered in Lawrence, Massachusetts.

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### OUR SANE FOURTH

—By Agnes Brogan, in *Journal of Industry*  
Via Railway Carmen's Journal, Volume 19

My brother's wife looked up from the paper she had been reading.

"There will be no fireworks at our house this year," she said firmly. "I shall see that Dot and Bobbie at least are withheld from the general sacrifice."

"What are we going to do," Jim questioned meekly—"play checkers?"

"This is my plan, and I know Nan Will think it a good one. Upon the eventful day we will take a nice, big lunch and go to some lonely, woodsy place along the lake shore. In the evening we will build a fire on the beach and roast corn and things, coming home later in the moonlight." Jim's face brightened visibly. "Sounds pretty good," he said. "Who's to be Nan's attendant cavalier upon this occasion?"

Mollie cast a troubled glance in my direction.

"That is for Nan to say," she responded. "A month ago I should have asked Allison without even consulting her, for We all Supposed that affairs were settled between those two, but since, he has ceased calling and Nan avoids him in every possible manner."

"Affairs had been settled" between Allison and me, but how could I tell her that our bitter quarrel had sprung from the very fact that I had insisted upon keeping our engagement secret? It was all so new and wonderful, this great happiness which had come into my life, that I longed to keep it jealously for a little time, but men do not understand. When Allison found that pleadings were useless he turned from me indignantly.

"I can see no reason for concealment, Nan," he had said. "When you are pleased to recognize our engagement you will send for me."

Send for him indeed! Why, my heart could break in little bits before I would do a thing like that.

"Well, Nan?" Mollie spoke impatiently. "We might ask Mr. Armstrong," I Suggested, coolly, "or Jack Meads. Either would be glad to come." Mr. Armstrong called as I sat on the veranda that afternoon. When I told him of our Fourth of July plans his face lit up with pleasure. "Jove," he said delightedly, "that will be great! Won't you let me come along, Miss Harmon? I could take you all out there in my car." This was just what I had expected, so when my brother came home at night I told him of the arrangement. Jim whistled. "I asked Jack Meads to go," he said, "and he did not lose any time accepting the invitation. What are you going to do about it?" Mollie came to the rescue. "Never mind," she said cheerfully. "I will ask my sister Nell to join the party, and you young people can all enjoy yourselves together."

I tried to look pleased, but even if Nell is Mollie's Sister I must Say

Well, I was busily engaged mixing a cake preparatory to the great event when Jim approached me on the following morning.

"Nan," he began apologetically, "I happened to mention this picnic of ours to Allison today, and he grew quite enthusiastichinted openly for an invitation, in fact. You will not mind if he comes in his runabout, will you? He says Armstrong's car Will carry only seven comfortably, and he might help out by taking one of us along."

I looked straight into Jim's eyes. "I shall ride on the front seat of Mr. Armstrong's car," I said meaningly. We had intended to make an early start, but it was after lunch time when the big red auto, followed by the white runabout, rolled down the beautiful lake shore drive, leaving the deafening noise of shot and shell far behind.

"We will not stop at any of the picnic places," Mollie said. "We will ride on until we come to some pretty isolated spot."

But this time Mollie "reckoned without her automobile," for the car stopped Suddenly of its own accord just in sight of One of the despised picnic places, and we were all unloaded unceremoniously, while Mr. Armstrong dived under the machine, to reappear presently flushed and disheveled.

"Can I help you?" Allison called, but to me it sounded like a half-hearted offer, and I was not surprised at Mr. Armstrong's curt refusal. "All right," Allison responded. "We will ride up the road in search of an ideal resting place. Let you know when we find it." Mr. Armstrong threw off his coat and went to work with a will, Jim acting as assistant. Why is it that the nicest men turn Savage when a Spark plug or some other queer thing about an automobile goes wrong?" "Do you think you can mend it?" I asked Sweetly, and this man, who a short time since would have done anything to gain my favor, now glared at me.

"When I can locate the trouble I will answer you," he said, So I turned to Jack. "While he is thinking it over," I suggested, "you might take me for a walk down the beach." And as we strolled along Mollie and Dot went back to sit in the shade of the trees. Jack helped me into a deserted rowboat which lay on the sands and seated himSelf before me.

"This is good, to be alone with you, Nan," he was beginning, when a man who had " passed us retraced his steps.

"Jack Meads!" he cried, ignoring my presence. "What luck! The boys from the office are out here today, and we are trying to make up a baseball nine. All we lack is a good pitcher, and we know your fame in that line. It's going to be a short game. Come on over and join us." Jack looked fieldward, and his eyes shone, . "You wouldn't mind, would you, Nan?" he asked eagerly. "Certainly; I do not mind," I answered effusively, "but I prefer not to walk over to the field." He hurried away without one backward glance. It was another humiliating moment. Following an idle impulse, I lifted the solitary oar which lay in the boat and poled myself out into the water. Perhaps when Allison came back he might see me. He used strongly to object if I ventured to row alone. I must have drifted out pretty far, for the automobile looked like a speck in the road, while the baseball field was just a green blur. With a splash my one oar slipped from my grasp and quickly floated just beyond reach. It would have been useless to call for assistance for no one appeared upon the beach. I was really becoming frightened when a canoe came gliding toward me. Its occupant stood up and waved his arms wildly. "Aunt Nan!" he cried. "Aunt Nan!" It was Bobbie. I could scarcely believe my eyes. "Save me, Aunt Nan!" he entreated. "I never thought when I climbed into the canoe that it would float away." :

There was a soft thud as the boats came alongside. I had a confused vision of my nephew's white face and outreaching arms, and then we were both struggling in the water. Blindly I caught at the upturned boat as Bobbie clung to me in desperation. And surely it was hours afterward that some one snatched him roughly from my grasp: then two strong arms also lifted me to safety. I don't know just what I had been expecting, but it was rather disappointing to see a weather-beaten face looking anxiously into my own, while a gruff voice muttered something about "lunatics sailfn' about in boats without no oars." And when our rescuer's boat reached the shore there stood Jim and Mollie. who regarded my wet and shrinking self with stern, accusing gaze. Jim carried his whimpering son back to the shelter of the trees, while Mollie lingered only long enough to say: -

"If you did not care about risking your

own life, Nan, you might at least have left Bobbie safe on land." I stood still in bowilderment. Then a prolonged wail in Dot's shrill treble attracted my attention, and I hastened in its direction. . . . "Oh, Aunt Nan," she gurgled, "you do look so funny! Your hair is all sleek, like the seal's at the zoo. . The thought of my own ridiculous appearance had not occurred to me. Now I looked fearfully down the road to where the stalled auto could still be seen. "Dot" I faltered, "where's Mr. Arm. ströng?" - - - My young niece divined my anxiety.

"Don't you worry," she said. "He is hammering away under his car." "And Allison, Dot—where is he?" "He won't see you," she answered comfortingly. "He is back in the woods getting flowers for Aunt Nell." Then Dottie turned to her own grievances. "Daddie kindled a fire to make Some coffee," She confided, "and when they went away I put some corn in to cook and burned my hand. But it's better now, because I tore the front out of my dress and bandaged it up. This nice thin cloth tears easy," she added, with Satisfaction. Like Dot, I returned to my own troubles. "What shall I do?" I deliberated aloud. "Go and Sit in the Sand and get dry," my niece wisely suggested, and I followed her advice. Little lavender streams were trickling from every part of my new frock, and the woman who sold it had assured me that the color would not run. She might have traced me now by the violet drops along the Sand. I Sank down miserably. HOW could I go home in this plight? Nell's ringing laugh aroused me. "Oh,

Nan," she cried, "what in the world have you been doing?" You look like a purple poster girl" One horrified glance showed me Allison's tall figure. This was truly the last straw. I buried my face in my wet purple arms and wept. Then Allison turned to Nell. "Dot is alone," he said. "Had you not better see that she doesn't get into more mischief? And—and, Nan, dear, you may take cold. I will fetch my warm auto coat in a moment and wrap it around you." He did so, very tenderly, and as we sat there long in the sand he said— But what Allison said is not for publication. I am glad that my hair dries out all fluffy and curly. When Mr. Armstrong finally got the machine in order every one was either too badly damaged or too dispirited to go on farther, so we gathered about to have an early supper and then leave for home. We reached our home at twilight, and as my brother deposited the sleeping, sotty Dot upon a couch, Mollie, turned on the lights. - - "This, has been a great Fourth!" Jim exclaimed in disgust. - "Hasn't it?" Allison answered absently. "Just about the greatest Fourth that I have ever known." Then Mollie sank into a chair overcome by helpless laughter. "Oh, Allison," she cried, "if you could only see your purple face!"

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<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qtf2Q4yyuJ0>

Florence Jenkins was a wealthy patron of the arts who may well have influenced Orson Welles more than Marion Davies when he came up with Susan Alexander in *Citizen Kane*. Sadly, Miss Jenkins had an even worse voice, that makes one long for the dulcet tones of, say, Mrs. Miller. Aided by what turns out to be a glut of kitty memes, this video "features" Miss Jenkins singing a Mozart aria. Meryl Streep is working on a film bio of this 'diva'.

## Character Actor of the Month



**Dennie Moore** (December 30, 1902 – February 22, 1978) was an American film and stage actress. Plain, petite blonde who played maids, store clerks, and other general busybodies. Moore (born Deena Rivka Moore) had appeared in over 20 Broadway shows before moving to Hollywood, and briefly changed her name to Florence because her conservative Jewish parents (father was a cantor) opposed her becoming an actress. Retired in 1957 and became involved in the feminist movement in New York City. After she died and was cremated, her ashes were reportedly tossed off her apartment balcony.

Key roles:

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)

Small part as a sassy maid

Meet Nero Wolfe (1936)

Bachelor Mother (1939)

As Ginger Rogers' man-hungry co-worker

The Women (1939)

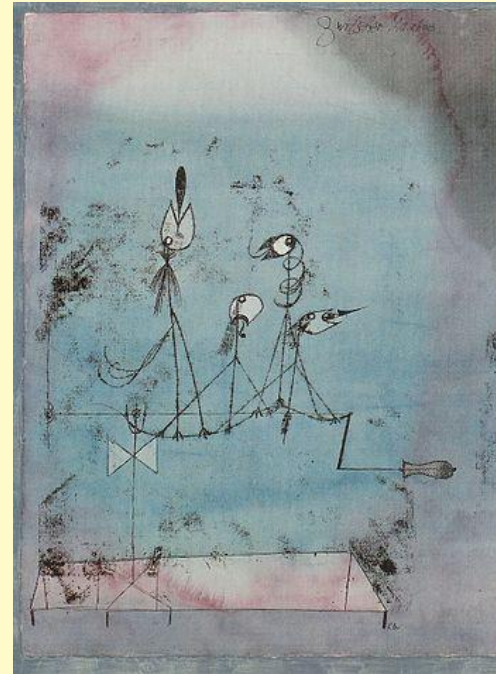
Her most famous role, as the gossipy manicurist, Olga (pictured) Saturday's Children (1940)

Dive Bomber (1941)

Providing needed comedy relief as Allen Jenkins' wacky ex-wife

Anna Lucasta (1949)

The Model and the Marriage Broker (1951)



*Twittering Machine*, by Paul Klee

Archive.org volunteer Yvonne Wang has uploaded a collection of short documentaries used in high schools of the 1980's and earlier, as seen here:

<https://archive.org/details/@associate-yvonne-wang>

They include this Alan Alda and Marlo Thomas-hosted presentation on American Women of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, no doubt with a liberal focus but worthy as a period piece.

<https://archive.org/details/shesnobodysbabyahistoryofamericanwomeninthe20thcenturyreel1>



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The few gems from the late David Bowie's top 100 books list; sadly doesn't go further back than 1945. Apparently, Thomas Hardy was over his head...

**Wonder Boys**, Michael Chabon, 1995

Successful author-turned-professor hits wall of writer's block and concurrent woman trouble.

**Metropolitan Life**, Fran Lebowitz, 1978

Wry observations of NYC by native wit, Lebowitz.

**Selected Poems**, Frank O'Hara, 1974

**Last Exit to Brooklyn**, Hubert Selby Jr., 1966

**In Cold Blood**, Truman Capote, 1965

**City of Night**, John Rechy, 1965

Landmark series of essays by openly-gay journalist/ author look into corners unknown at the time.

**The Fire Next Time**, James Baldwin, 1963

**The Leopard**, Giuseppe Di Lampedusa, 1958

**Room at the Top**, John Braine, 1957

One of the early kitchen sink novels of postwar Britain, featuring an unlikeable hero.

**On the Road**, Jack Kerouac, 1957

**Nineteen Eighty-Four**, George Orwell, 1949

Bowie tried unsuccessfully to include excerpts from this famous work in his album, Diamond Dogs.

**Black Boy**, Richard Wright, 1945

Post-war anger from the American black perspective.

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*We found Fox Island on Sunday, August twenty-fifth, 1918,  
and left there finally on the seventeenth of the following March...*

R. K.

## ROCKWELL KENT'S WINTER 1918 CABIN SUPPLIES

### DRY GOODS

1 Yukon stove

4 lengths stovepipe

1 broom

1 bread pan

1 wash basin

1 bean pot

1 mixing bowl

Turpentine

Linseed oil

Nails, etc.

10 gals, gasoline

6 ivory soap

3 laundry soap

6 agate cups

4 agate plates

4 agate bowls

2 agate dishes

4 pots

2 pillows

2 comforters

1 roll building paper

1 frying pan

3 bread tins

12 candles

2 Dutch Cleanser

Matches

1 tea kettle

Pails, etc.

### FOOD

10 lbs. rice

5 lbs. barley

10 lbs. cornmeal

10 lbs. rolled oats

10 lbs. hominy

10 lbs. farina

10 lbs. sugar

50 lbs. flour

2 packages bran

6 cans cocoa

1 lb. tea

1 case milk

8 lbs. chocolate

1 gal. sirup

1 gal. cooking oil

1 piece bacon

2 cans dried eggs

2 cans baked beans

6 lemons

2 packages pancake flour

10 lbs. whole wheat flour

10 lbs. lima beans

10 lbs. white beans

5 lbs. Mexican beans

10 lbs. spaghetti

12 cans tomatoes

100 lbs. potatoes

10 lbs. dried peas

5 lbs. salt  
1 gal. peanut butter  
1 gal. marmalade  
Pepper  
Yeast  
5 lbs. prunes  
5 lbs. apricots  
5 lbs. carrots  
10 lbs. onions  
4 cans soup

From The Project Gutenberg eBook #43284, *Wilderness, A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska*, by Rockwell Kent

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## New York City in the 60's

<https://archive.org/details/Greenwic1960>

<https://archive.org/details/HMFreedomlandBronx97327>

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A recent upload to Archive.org's Old Time Radio section is a set of **Great Scenes from World Theater**. Below are details I culled from David Goldin's excellent RadioGoldIndex:

10/1/48 **Cyrano de Bergerac**  
starring Anne Seymour, Horace Brabham, host: John Daly  
10/8/48 **The Corn is Green**, starring Jane Powell; host: Walter Hampden, continuing the duty for rest of series.  
10/15/48 **The Barretts of Wimpole Street**,  
starring Basil Rathbone, Beatrice Straight  
10/22/48 **Dark Victory**,  
starring Celeste Holm and Walter Abel  
11/5/48 **Little Women**,  
starring Joan Caulfield, Betty Caulfield, and Stefan Schnabel  
11/12/48 **A Tale of Two Cities**, starring Brian Aherne  
11/19/48 **The Enchanted Cottage**, starring Gene Tierney  
11/26/48 **What Every Woman Knows**,  
starring Gertrude Lawrence and Dennis King  
12/3/48 **The Devil and Daniel Webster**,  
starring Raymond Massey  
12/10/48 **The Old Lady Shows Her Medals**,  
starring Fay Bainter  
12/17/48 **Young Mr. Lincoln**, starring Henry Fonda  
12/31/48 **You and I**, starring Peggy Wood and Otto Kruger  
1/7/49 **The Citadel**, starring Walter Pidgeon

1/14/49 **The Farmer Takes A Wife**,  
starring Eddie Albert and Margo  
1/21/49 **Icebound**, starring Cornel Wilde  
1/28/49 **The Goose Hangs High**,  
starring Walter Abel and Margalo Gilmore  
2/4/49 **The World We Make**,  
starring Jessica Tandy and Les Tremayne  
2/11/49 **Dead End**, starring John Payne  
2/18/49 **A Doll's House**, starring  
Ingrid Bergman and Brian Aherne  
2/25/49 **The Lady With A Lamp**, starring Madeleine Carroll  
5/14/49 **On Borrowed Time**,  
starring Parker Fennelly and Boris Karloff

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For unknown reasons, TCM chose to show a series of largely forgettable poverty row movies geared at black audiences on MLK Day 2016. I caught three of them, unfortunately not the Oscar Micheaux rarity shown in the afternoon.

### Midnight Shadow (1930-something)

A weird mix of murder mystery and 3 Stooges (by way of Stepin Fetchit) slapstick featuring Dorothy Dandridge's mom, Ruby, as the matriarch of a middle-class family. Purported leading lady, Frances Redd, finds her bf's dad dead in his bedroom and Ruby's son tries to figure it out by way of his mail-order detective schooling. Sorely deserves the Mystery Science Theater treatment.

### The Duke is Tops (1938) Directed by William Nolte

<https://archive.org/details/TheDukeisTops>

Although this film features Lena Horne's first prominent role, it's a wonder that her leading man, played by Ralph Cooper, wasn't the one who became a household name in the 40's. Handsome, capable of both humor and romance (one realizes here the real reason H-wood wouldn't let Horne act – because she *couldn't*), plus possessing a nice singing voice, he plays Horne's theatrical manager boyfriend, who sacrifices their love affair for her burgeoning singing career. High point of the film is his wacky tour with a shady – is there any other kind?— medicine show.

### The Learning Tree (1968) Directed by Gordon Parks

Touted as the first mainstream film directed by a black man, former Life photog Parks, this is a pleasant semi-autobiography set in 1920's Kansas. A nice boy, Newton Winger, from a good family runs one summer with a pack of no-account losers who have nothing better to do than steal apples, beat up old white men, and go skinny-dipping. They return to a school with a racist teacher but sympathetic principal, and Winger experiences his first love (with a nice girl from Canada), first sex (with the town tramp), witnessing a murder, and dealing with a vicious bully. My main problem with the film is the casting of local unknowns, who may add authenticity but don't have enough talent to put it across. Parks also wrote the syrupy score.

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## ESCAPE

The Project Gutenberg EBook 49740  
of *Orchard and Vineyard*, by Vita Sackville-West

COME, shall we go, my comrade, from this den  
Where falsehood reigns and we have dallied long?  
Exchange the curious vanities of men  
For roads of freedom and for ships of song?

We came as strangers, came to learn and look,  
To hear their music, drink the wine they gave.  
Now let us hence again; the happy brook  
Shall quench our thirst, our music be the wave.

Come! they are feasting, let us steal away.  
Beyond the doors the night awaits us, sweet.  
To-morrow we shall see the break of day,  
And goat-herds' pipes shall lead our roaming feet.



Fantin-LaTour, 'White Roses'

## TOURISTS AND STONE CRABS.

A Delicacy Which Must Be Eaten to  
Be Appreciated.

The stone crabs, which form the piece de resistance to the celebrated dinners of Hotel Bonhomie, at Pass-a-Grille (the fisherman's place), were first discovered by the fishermen all along Boca Celga Bay years ago and formed many a good meal in addition to their scanty-commissary.

In 1898, Mr. George H. Lizotte, in company with several friends, went to Pass-a-Grille and secured quite a good many of the stone crabs and roasted them on hot coals. Their delicate flavor and large size suggested to Mr. Lizotte that a dinner which included stone crabs would be a great feature on the West Coast. Hence the Hotel Bonhomie and its celebrated dinner.

Tourists from all over the United States flock to Pass-a-Grille and their praises of the delicious stone crabs is the only topic of conversation.

Mr. Lizotte avers that stone crabs weighing three pounds are common, and that one clam forms a good meal. No other place can one enjoy a clam chowder beter than just preceding a good mess of stone crabs, followed by fresh fish and the congeniality of the genial host.

75-1f

Stone crab review from *The St. Petersburg Evening Independent*, Feb.1, 1908



## THE BEATIFIED RACE

from The Project Gutenberg eBook #42710  
of *Bizarre*, by Lawton Mackall

It is wrong to assert that our fiction magazines have lost their power to inspire, to uplift. High romance and whole-hearted cheerfulness have not deserted them. These qualities have merely migrated to the advertising pages. The morbid, unpleasant fiction is only a short interlude between the innocent joys of Nabiscos and fireless cookers, and the wholesomeness of Mellin's Food. After sin and adulteration comes 99-44/100 per cent pure.

The people in the advertisements help us to forget those in the stories. These pictured endorsers display a generosity that I have not met with elsewhere. They offer me, a total stranger to them, the most delicious refreshments, costly gifts in silverware, whole suites of furniture; they make me aware of "long-felt" wants; they volunteer to teach me Spanish or osteopathy or plumbing in ten lessons; they propose to send me immediately a portable house in many pieces, or a new lease of life in many doses. They take a most personal interest in me, enquiring sympathetically, "Are you bilious?"

Here, I confess, I sometimes feel embarrassed. When my old family doctor asks me, in the privacy of his office, questions of this sort, I am prepared to answer them; but when, as I am turning over the pages of a magazine at a public news-stand, someone bobs out from behind a respectful soap advertisement and accosts me brusquely with, "How is your liver?" or "Are you bowlegged?"--I feel positively uncomfortable.

This forwardness, due to the bad influence of the fiction characters, is, I regret to say, a trait of some of the women. (How sad it is that editors should wilfully allow them to be contaminated! I have seen a little Campbell Soup girl of quite a tender age, placed on the same page with a heroine whose only topic of conversation was \_unmoral love\_.) Luxuriant creatures, as unabashed as they are beautiful, invite my approval of their stays, and make disclosures of the most sensational kind. All of this may be in accordance with the modern ideas of frankness, may be part of the sex-education campaign--but somehow I can't get used to it. I am still old-fashioned enough to believe that woman's place is in the home, especially when she is undressing. However, while the behavior of these people toward me is occasionally a bit disconcerting, their deportment toward each other is uniformly admirable. In their own sphere they lead model lives.

Their family devotion, for example, is a treat to behold. Just see Mama and Papa and Susie and Marian and little Jack, all seated around the dining-table! From their happy smiles it is easy to tell that they love each other and Jell-O. After dinner, dear kind Papa will not bury himself in the evening paper, as selfish, inconsiderate papas do—he will give Mama and the good, rosy-cheeked children each a stick of Spearmint. Then all the family will gather 'round the fire in peaceful attitudes and listen to the phonograph, which protects the atmosphere of their home; and Susie will sit on the arm of Papa's chair and fondly compare their Holeproofs.

Later, when Susie's bright young man, dressed in a nobby Kuppenheimer suit, comes to win her heart with a box of Huyler's, Mama whom Papa still adores because her complexion is youthified with Pompeiian, will take Marian and little Jack upstairs and show her maternal tenderness by teaching them how to make Colgate's Dental Cream lie flat on a Pro-phy-lac-tic. They learn gladly, for they love Mama and wear garters and union suits just like hers.

Even more remarkable than the family devotion of these people is their supreme capability. They never do anything without brilliant success. Papa can, whenever he feels the inclination, build a launch, or become a magnetic speaker, or earn eighty dollars a week in his spare time, or evolve a thriving chicken farm from two eggs. When he goes fishing, you see him in the act of reeling in a six-pound trout; when he goes duck hunting, you see him casually bringing down a bird with each barrel; and when he plays billiards, you see him, in a backhand position and a Donchester shirt, executing a shot that would make the reputation of even a professional.

Look at him now, seated at his desk in his office, directing a great business, without the least worry or effort. See the respect on his employes' faces! At this very moment he is concluding a deal that involves millions. And yet how calm he is! All because he wears B. V. D.'s.

In short, the race of endorsers, produced by the eugenics of advertising, is not subject to the ills that ordinary flesh is heir to. They are the heroes of the present age, deified, like Greek Orion, in the realms of "space"--long-legged, serene, divinely handsome. We, poor mortals, humbly try to imitate them, and lay our wealth at their shrines, as did the Ancients at the altars of their gods. Our Ceres is Aunt Jemima; our Mercury is Phoebe Snow; our Adonis is the Arrow Collar youth; our Venus is the Physical Culture lady; and our Romulus and Remus are the Gold Dust Twins.

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## A MENTAL MYSTERY.

—By WARREN MILLER, from *The Labor Leader*.

WE have become used to an electric W station sending forth its power across a continent or an ocean without any other medium than the atmosphere. but few of us are prepared to admit that one human brain is capable of affecting another human brain without any other medium than that of the wireless telegraph. Nevertheless, there are instances of such communication.

I believe that there is a mental force not yet explained scientifically that carries these messages. and I am going to give the reason why I have arrived at this conclusion.

I am an artist. From a child I have been absorbed in the beauties of nature and their transmission to another form. As a boy I could make these transformations so successfully that my pictures attracted the attention of my friends. Nothing would do but that I must be educated for an artist.

But there was no means for the purpose. A younger sister of mine had been left a small legacy by her grandmother. My sister—Eleanor was her name—insisted on devoting this money to my education. I declined to accept it at first. But she insisted that I would be a successful artist, my pictures would sell at good prices, and I could repay her. Thus encouraged, I consented and entered an art school.

Unfortunately my education took from me the ability I had shown in freehand drawing. The technique required for work that would pass the critics was obnoxious to me. Nevertheless, I persevered and mastered it. But I never regained the ability I had possessed to hit off something that indicated genius.

I spent several years after being graduated at the art school painting pictures. which were no better than hundreds of other artists could paint. I regretted that I had accepted my sister's loan. for I was scarcely able to make enough money to keep body and soul together, to say nothing of paying what I had borrowed.

One winter I broke down in health and in the spring was told I must have change of scene and air to build up my strength. In my weakened condition my debt to my sister got on my mind. and I could not get

it off. Eleanor begged me to stop worrying about it. but without success. I was sent off to the seashore and lodged in a fisherman's cottage.

One morning I was sitting on the porch of the cottage looking out on the ocean. The sun was glinting the blue waves which were rolling in and breaking on the beach. Some fishermen were getting out their boat, gulls were flying hither and thither overhead, one occasionally darting down to pounce upon a fish. I was seized with a desire—natural to an artist—to portray this scene.

I had 'not been permitted to bring my artist's tools with me, so I could not do as I wished. As I sat in my comfortable wicker chair, fanned by a balmy sea breeze. I began to work over an imaginary canvas, laying down on it the view before me. The picture grew in my mind as plainly as if I were really putting it on canvas. I worked without effort—or at least seemed to do so—and was conscious of transferring the scene before me exactly as it was without the loss of any of its subtle beauties.

Nevertheless there must have been a severe mental effort, for as soon as I had finished my imaginary or mental work I lost consciousness and knew nothing till late in the afternoon, when I found myself in bed.

It was some time before I gained sufficient strength to go home. When I returned my sister told me that there was no further necessity for me to worry about my debt to her. for it had been paid. I asked her who had paid it. and she said that I had paid it myself. Further than that she would give me no information until I had fully recovered.

One day after I had got stronger I went, unbeknown to any one, to a room at home that I had used for a studio. There was a desk in it. and, going. to the desk without any definite object, I noticed a pigeonhole that had been empty was now full of papers. I took them out and found they were letters that had accumulated during my illness. I opened one and read it. It was from a dealer in pictures asking me if I had any of my work for sale. He had a constant demand for it. Astonished, I opened daughter the door would still be open to him.

So he called on the prince and told him that he had determined to make his home in Italy and the reasons why he had considered a marriage with the princess inadvisable did not pertain to any country save America. He, therefore, begged leave to renew his proposition.

The prince, who seemed disposed to keep on good terms with him, said that he was greatly disappointed at being obliged to refuse him, but an Austrian nobleman who had met his daughter at the Quirinal ball had proposed for her hand and had been accepted.

Jim was thrown almost into a fever by this refusal and believed that he had ruined his peace of mind forever. But before he left Rome something occurred that restored his equanimity. In a jewelry store he found for sale the diamond brooch he had sent the princess. After all, the whole affair had been a question of money.

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## DISTRIBUTED PROOFREADERS CHALLENGE

### – EDIT THIS!

#### The Bronze and the Human Heart

By ALAN HINSDALE

from: Steamboat Pilot, July 25, 1917

<https://www.coloradohistoricnewspapers.org/cgi-bin/colorado?a=d&d=STP19170725.2.69#>

The town of Hollingsworth has been named for the man who did more for it than any other person. While Joel Hollingsworth did much for the town, he did not do anything for any one in it excepting himself. He founded the Hollingsworth institution and endowed it for the work of scientific research. Its benefits to mankind were intended to be general, not particular, and the real design was to perpetuate the name of Joel Hollingsworth. On a circular plot of ground just within its gates stood a bronze statue of its founder on a lofty pedestal. It represented a man who looked aggressive, by no means modest or retiring—one who would not bide his light under a bushel. One day Edgar Walker, a young fellow seventeen years of age, was passing through the town of Hollingsworth, his worldly effects tied up in a bandanna handkerchief, on his way to a city near by, where he hoped to make his fortune. His way led him by the Hollingsworth institution, and, pausing, he looked through the glided bars of the gates to the noble pile within, his eyes finally resting on the statue of its founder. Hearing a moan behind him, he turned and saw a girl about eight years old crying. Turning, he asked her what troubled her. She told him that her mother had sent her to the store with a silver dollar to make some purchases and she had lost it.

Now, Edgar Walker's capital on which he proposed to found his fortune was exactly \$1. Taking it from his pocket, he offered it to the girl. She drew back, stopped crying and with a changed expression said: It would be mean for me to take money from a boy with holes in his shoes, even as a gift. My father says that the man who built all these buildings used to take money from anybody he could get it out of. I won't do that, no matter what I need. The girl went on her way, and Edgar passed on through the town dreaming of the fortune he would make, how he would make it and what he would do with it after it was made. The years went by. The noble pile called the Hollingsworth institution still rose high over the town that nestled about it. Joel Hollingsworth in bronze still stood with folded arms within the gate, conscious of his nobility of soul. An occasional passer still stopped to peer between the bars. The particular passer who gazed one summer afternoon just before sunset was a prosperous looking gentleman a few years short of forty. Hearing a musical laugh behind him, he turned and saw a woman between twenty-five and thirty with a girl some twenty years her junior whose resemblance to her indicated that the child was her daughter.

Come, mother, said the girl, tugging at her mother; let's look in at the green grass and the flowers and the trees and the pretty walks. The woman yielded, and the two stood beside the man, mother and child gazing on this beautiful fane of science, the man gazing upon the girl. Madam, he said, twenty years ago I was looking through the bars of this gate when, hurrying some one weeping behind me. I turned and saw that child. She said that her mother had given her a dollar with which to make purchases and she had lost it. I offered her the only dollar I possessed, and she declined it, saying that she would not be so lucky as to have a standing tribute in bronze. Can it be that she ceased from that time to develop and is still a child? I inquired of the child, replied the mother, who had lost the dollar and who declined your kind offer. I grew to womanhood, married and became a widow. This child is my daughter. I have not forgotten the boy who offered to supply my loss, and he has always existed in my mind as the antipodes of the man of bronze. . . And I have remembered your remarks about the bronze heart of this land. I was going to the elfy to enroll upon my life's career. I resolved that if I could not make a fortune without grinding my fellow Uelupi, without refusing to the poor and lowly, I would get on without one, I have come within a reasonable bounds of keeping my resolution. I have no money, but I intend to use it to my advantage in business rather than to live on it. Fortunately it has not become necessary for me to be idle, for money making has always been my duty. \*

Thou you will not leavo n monuniant to yournelf such nn tliin ? I shall louvo no mommwiit at nL TV Lou I dlo all or Hourly nil tho funds I bavo accumulated will hnvo gone Already to any ilosorvliiB , or It may be undqservluff , person whom I happen to moot needlnif uHBlstiuice . If there Lfl anything loft it stiaU lto < llatrltmtd In aunm of \$ 1 nmonit tho poor . Thou you do not liollovo In organttod cliarity ? I eortatnly do uollovo In It , Hut Tot niyiiiof I tfntfor to Hoattor my RlftH til uiich a way flint tho donor nhnU not !><> known , li \ other wovdn , you prefer tlmt your right linud shall not know what your loft himd tloet . li ? The ; , inanN ronohitlo » wan only par lliilly lio |> t . lli > nmrrloil Uw woiniui , nut ! nt IUh dpnlli hllo nml Urn olilki In liorltouYmimigh of liVh fortune to mnkv tlionvoon » fortnblo . Uutlio followed no rule ) lio wiih khliinl liy liim tf <> olln « n .

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## The Wanderer

From The Project Gutenberg EBook #647 of *Poems*,  
by Alan Seeger

To see the clouds his spirit yearned toward so  
Over new mountains piled and unploughed waves,  
Back of old-storied spires and architraves  
To watch Arcturus rise or Fomalhaut,

And roused by street-cries in strange tongues when day  
Flooded with gold some domed metropolis,  
Between new towers to waken and new bliss  
Spread on his pillow in a wondrous way:

These were his joys. Oft under bulging crates,  
Coming to market with his morning load,  
The peasant found him early on his road  
To greet the sunrise at the city-gates, --

There where the meadows waken in its rays,  
Golden with mist, and the great roads commence,  
And backward, where the chimney-tops are dense,  
Cathedral-arches glimmer through the haze.

White dunes that breaking show a strip of sea,  
A plowman and his team against the blue,  
Swiss pastures musical with cowbells, too,  
And poplar-lined canals in Picardie,

And coast-towns where the vultures back and forth  
Sail in the clear depths of the tropic sky,  
And swallows in the sunset where they fly  
Over gray Gothic cities in the north,

And the wine-cellar and the chorus there,  
The dance-hall and a face among the crowd, --  
Were all delights that made him sing aloud  
For joy to sojourn in a world so fair.

Back of his footsteps as he journeyed fell  
Range after range; ahead blue hills emerged.  
Before him tireless to applaud it surged  
The sweet interminable spectacle.

And like the west behind a sundown sea  
Shone the past joys his memory retraced,  
And bright as the blue east he always faced  
Beckoned the loves and joys that were to be.

From every branch a blossom for his brow  
He gathered, singing down Life's flower-lined road,  
And youth impelled his spirit as he strode  
Like winged Victory on the galley's prow.

That Loveliness whose being sun and star,  
Green Earth and dawn and amber evening robe,  
That lamp whereof the opalescent globe  
The season's emulative splendors are,

That veiled divinity whose beams transpire  
From every pore of universal space,  
As the fair soul illumines the lovely face --  
That was his guest, his passion, his desire.

His heart the love of Beauty held as hides  
One gem most pure a casket of pure gold.  
It was too rich a lesser thing to hold;  
It was not large enough for aught besides.

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## THE MAN WHO WENT TOO FAR

E. F. Benson

The little village of St. Faith's nestles in a hollow of wooded hill up on the north bank of the river Fawn in the county of Hampshire huddling close round its gray Norman church as if for spiritual protection against the fays and fairies, the trolls and "little people," who might be supposed still to linger in the vast empty spaces of the New Forest, and to come after dusk and do their doubtful businesses. Once outside the hamlet you may walk in any direction (so long as you avoid the high road which leads to Brockenhurst) for the length of a summer afternoon without seeing sign of human habitation, or possibly even catching sight of another human being. Shaggy wild ponies may stop their feeding for a moment as you pass, the white scuts of rabbits will vanish into their burrows, a brown viper perhaps will glide from your path into a clump of heather, and unseen birds will chuckle in the bushes, but it may easily happen that for a long day you will see nothing human. But you will not feel in the least lonely; in summer, at any rate, the sunlight will be gay with butterflies, and the air thick with all those woodland sounds which like instruments in an orchestra combine to play the great symphony of the yearly festival of June. Winds whisper in the birches and sigh among the firs; bees are busy with their irredolent labor among the heather, a myriad birds chirp in the green temples of the forest trees, and the voice of the river prattling over stony places, bubbling into pools, chuckling and gulping round corners, gives you the sense that many presences and companions are near at hand.

Yet, oddly enough, though one would have thought that these benign and cheerful influences of wholesome air and spaciousness of forest were very healthful comrades for a man, in so far as nature can really influence this wonderful human genus which has in these centuries learned to defy her most violent storms in its well-established houses, to bridle her torrents and make them light its streets, to tunnel her mountains and plough her seas, the inhabitants of St. Faith's will not willingly venture into the forest after dark. For in spite of the silence and loneliness of the hooded night it seems that a man is not sure in what company he may suddenly find himself, and though it is difficult to get from these villagers any very clear story of occult appearances, the feeling is widespread. One story indeed I have heard with some definiteness, the tale of a monstrous goat that has been seen to skip with hellish glee about the woods and shady places, and this perhaps is connected with the story which I have here attempted to piece together. It too is well-known to them; for all remember the

young artist who died here not long ago, a young man, or so he struck the beholder, of great personal beauty, with something about him that made men's faces to smile and brighten when they looked on him. His ghost they will tell you "walks" constantly by the stream and through the woods which he loved so, and in especial it haunts a certain house, the last of the village, where he lived, and its garden in which he was done to death. For my part I am inclined to think that the terror of the Forest dates chiefly from that day. So, such as the story is, I have set it forth in connected form. It is based partly on the accounts of the villagers, but mainly on that of Darcy, a friend of mine and a friend of the man with whom these events were chiefly concerned.

\* \* \* \* \*

The day had been one of untarnished midsummer splendour, and as the sun drew near to its setting, the glory of the evening grew every moment more crystalline, more miraculous. Westward from St. Faith's the beechwood which stretched for some miles toward the heathery upland beyond already cast its veil of clear shadow over the red roofs of the village, but the spire of the gray church, overtopping all, still pointed a flaming orange finger into the sky. The river Fawn, which runs below, lay in sheets of sky-reflected blue, and wound its dreamy devious course round the edge of this wood, where a rough two-planked bridge crossed from the bottom of the garden of the last house in the village, and communicated by means of a little wicker gate with the wood itself. Then once out of the shadow of the wood the stream lay in flaming pools of the molten crimson of the sunset, and lost itself in the haze of woodland distances.

This house at the end of the village stood outside the shadow, and the lawn which sloped down to the river was still flecked with sunlight. Garden-beds of dazzling colour lined its gravel walks, and down the middle of it ran a brick pergola, half-hidden in clusters of rambler-rose and purple with starry clematis. At the bottom end of it, between two of its pillars, was slung a hammock containing a shirt sleeved figure.

The house itself lay somewhat remote from the rest of the village, and a footpath leading across two fields, now tall and fragrant with hay, was its only communication with the high road. It was low-built, only two stories in height, and like the garden, its walls were a mass of flowering roses. A narrow stone terrace ran along the garden front, over which was stretched an awning, and on the terrace a young silent-footed man-servant was busied with the laying of the table for dinner. He was neat-handed and quick with his job, and having finished



it he went back into the house, and reappeared again with a large rough bath-towel on his arm. With this he went to the hammock in the pergola.

"Nearly eight, sir," he said.

"Has Mr. Darcy come yet?" asked a voice from the hammock.

"No, sir."

"If I'm not back when he comes, tell him that I'm just having a bathe before dinner."

The servant went back to the house, and after a moment or two Frank Halton struggled to a sitting posture, and slipped out on to the grass. He was of medium height and rather slender in build, but the suppleness and grace of his movements gave the impression of great physical strength: even his descent from the hammock was not an awkward performance. His face and hands were of very dark complexion, either from constant exposure to wind and sun, or, as his black hair and dark eyes tended to show, from some strain of southern blood. His head was small, his face of an exquisite beauty of modelling, while the smoothness of its contour would have led you to believe that he was a beardless lad still in his teens. But something, some look which living and experience alone can give, seemed to contradict that, and finding yourself completely puzzled as to his age, you would next moment probably cease to think about that, and only look at this glorious specimen of young manhood with wondering satisfaction.

He was dressed as became the season and the heat, and wore only a shirt open at the neck, and a pair of flannel trousers. His head, covered very thickly with a somewhat rebellious crop of short curly hair, was bare as he strolled across the lawn to the bathing-place that lay below. Then for a moment there was silence, then the sound of splashed and divided waters, and presently after, a great shout of ecstatic joy, as he swam up-stream with the foamed water standing in a frill round his neck. Then after some five minutes of limb-stretching struggle with the flood, he turned over on his back, and with arms thrown wide, floated down-stream, ripple-cradled and inert. His eyes were shut, and between half-parted lips he talked gently to himself.

"I am one with it," he said to himself, "the river and I, I and the river. The coolness and splash of it is I, and the water-herbs that wave in it are I also. And my strength and my limbs are not mine but the river's. It is all one, all one, dear Fawn."

\* \* \* \* \*

A quarter of an hour later he appeared again at the bottom of the lawn, dressed as before, his wet hair already drying into its crisp short curls again. Then he paused a moment, looking back at the stream with the smile with which men look on the face of a friend, then turned toward the house. Simultaneously his servant came to the door leading on to the terrace, followed by a man who appeared to be some half-way through the fourth decade of his years. Frank and he saw each other across the bushes and garden-beds, and each quickening his step, they met suddenly face to face round an angle of the garden walk, in the fragrance of syringa.

"My dear Darcy," cried Frank, "I am charmed to see you."

But the other stared at him in amazement.

"Frank!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, that is my name," he said laughing, "what is the matter?"

Darcy took his hand.

"What have you done to yourself?" he asked. "You are a boy again."

"Ah, I have a lot to tell you," said Frank. "Lots that you will hardly believe, but I shall convince you----"

He broke off suddenly, and held up his hand.

"Hush, there is my nightingale," he said.

The smile of recognition and welcome with which he had greeted his friend faded from his face, and a look of rapt wonder took its place, as of a lover listening to the voice of his beloved. His mouth parted slightly, showing the white line of teeth, and his eyes looked out and out till they seemed to Darcy to be focused on things beyond the vision of man. Then something perhaps startled the bird, for the song ceased.

"Yes, lots to tell you," he said. "Really I am delighted to see you. But you look rather white and pulled down; no wonder after that fever. And there is to be no nonsense about this visit. It is June now, you stop here till you are fit to begin work again. Two months at least."

"Ah, I can't trespass quite to that extent."

Frank took his arm and walked him down the grass.

"Trespass? Who talks of trespass? I shall tell you quite openly when I am tired of you, but you know when we had the studio together, we used not to bore each other. However, it is ill talking of going away on the moment of your arrival. Just a stroll to the river, and then it will be dinner-time."

Darcy took out his cigarette case, and offered it to the other.

Frank laughed.

"No, not for me. Dear me, I suppose I used to smoke once. How very odd!"

"Given it up?"

"I don't know. I suppose I must have. Anyhow I don't do it now. I would as soon think of eating meat."

"Another victim on the smoking altar of vegetarianism?"

"Victim?" asked Frank. "Do I strike you as such?"

He paused on the margin of the stream and whistled softly. Next moment a moor-hen made its splashing flight across the river, and ran up the bank. Frank took it very gently in his hands and stroked its head, as the creature lay against his shirt.

"And is the house among the reeds still secure?" he half-crooned to it. "And is the missus quite well, and are the neighbours flourishing? There, dear, home with you," and he flung it into the air.

"That bird's very tame," said Darcy, slightly bewildered.

"It is rather," said Frank, following its flight.

\* \* \* \* \*

During dinner Frank chiefly occupied himself in bringing himself up-to-date in the movements and achievements of this old friend whom he had not seen for six years. Those six years, it now appeared, had been full of incident and success for Darcy; he had made a name for himself as a portrait painter which bade fair to outlast the vogue of a couple

of seasons, and his leisure time had been brief. Then some four months previously he had been through a severe attack of typhoid, the result of which as concerns this story was that he had come down to this sequestered place to recruit.

"Yes, you've got on," said Frank at the end. "I always knew you would. A.R.A. with more in prospect. Money? You roll in it, I suppose, and, O Darcy, how much happiness have you had all these years? That is the only imperishable possession. And how much have you learned? Oh, I don't mean in Art. Even I could have done well in that."

Darcy laughed.

"Done well? My dear fellow, all I have learned in these six years you knew, so to speak, in your cradle. Your old pictures fetch huge prices. Do you never paint now?"

Frank shook his head.

"No, I'm too busy," he said.

"Doing what? Please tell me. That is what every one is for ever asking me."

"Doing? I suppose you would say I do nothing."

Darcy glanced up at the brilliant young face opposite him.

"It seems to suit you, that way of being busy," he said. "Now, it's your turn. Do you read? Do you study? I remember you saying that it would do us all--all us artists, I mean--a great deal of good if we would study any one human face carefully for a year, without recording a line. Have you been doing that?"

Frank shook his head again.

"I mean exactly what I say," he said, "I have been doing nothing. And I have never been so occupied. Look at me, have I not done something to myself to begin with?"

"You are two years younger than I," said Darcy, "at least you used to be. You therefore are thirty-five. But had I never seen you before I should say you were just twenty. But was it worth while to spend six

years of greatly occupied life in order to look twenty? Seems rather like a woman of fashion."

Frank laughed boisterously.

"First time I've ever been compared to that particular bird of prey," he said. "No, that has not been my occupation--in fact I am only very rarely conscious that one effect of my occupation has been that. Of course, it must have been if one comes to think of it. It is not very important. Quite true my body has become young. But that is very little; I have become young."

Darcy pushed back his chair and sat sideways to the table looking at the other.

"Has that been your occupation then?" he asked. "Yes, that anyhow is one aspect of it. Think what youth means! It is the capacity for growth, mind, body, spirit, all grow, all get stronger, all have a fuller, firmer life every day. That is something, considering that every day that passed after the ordinary man reaches the full-blown flower of his strength, weakens his hold on life. A man reaches his prime, and remains, we say, in his prime, for ten years, or perhaps twenty. But after his prime is reached, he slowly, insensibly weakens. These are the signs of age in you, in your body, in your art probably, in your mind. You are less electric than you were. But I, when I reach my prime--I am nearing it--ah, you shall see."

The stars had begun to appear in the blue velvet of the sky, and to the east the horizon seen above the black silhouette of the village was growing dove-coloured with the approach of moon-rise. White moths hovered dimly over the garden-beds, and the footsteps of night tip-toed through the bushes. Suddenly Frank rose.

"Ah, it is the supreme moment," he said softly. "Now more than at any other time the current of life, the eternal imperishable current runs so close to me that I am almost enveloped in it. Be silent a minute."

He advanced to the edge of the terrace and looked out standing stretched with arms outspread. Darcy heard him draw a long breath into his lungs, and after many seconds expel it again. Six or eight times he did this, then turned back into the lamplight.

"It will sound to you quite mad, I expect," he said, "but if you want to hear the soberest truth I have ever spoken and shall ever speak, I will tell you about myself. But come into the garden if it is not too

damp for you. I have never told anyone yet, but I shall like to tell you. It is long, in fact, since I have even tried to classify what I have learned."

They wandered into the fragrant dimness of the pergola, and sat down. Then Frank began:

"Years ago, do you remember," he said, "we used often to talk about the decay of joy in the world. Many impulses, we settled, had contributed to this decay, some of which were good in themselves, others that were quite completely bad. Among the good things, I put what we may call certain Christian virtues, renunciation, resignation, sympathy with suffering, and the desire to relieve sufferers. But out of those things spring very bad ones, useless renunciations, asceticism for its own sake, mortification of the flesh with nothing to follow, no corresponding gain that is, and that awful and terrible disease which devastated England some centuries ago, and from which by heredity of spirit we suffer now, Puritanism. That was a dreadful plague, the brutes held and taught that joy and laughter and merriment were evil: it was a doctrine the most profane and wicked. Why, what is the commonest crime one sees? A sullen face. That is the truth of the matter."

"Now all my life I have believed that we are intended to be happy, that joy is of all gifts the most divine. And when I left London, abandoned my career, such as it was, I did so because I intended to devote my life to the cultivation of joy, and, by continuous and unsparing effort, to be happy. Among people, and in constant intercourse with others, I did not find it possible; there were too many distractions in towns and work-rooms, and also too much suffering. So I took one step backward or forward, as you may choose to put it, and went straight to Nature, to trees, birds, animals, to all those things which quite clearly pursue one aim only, which blindly follow the great native instinct to be happy without any care at all for morality, or human law or divine law. I wanted, you understand, to get all joy first-hand and unadulterated, and I think it scarcely exists among men; it is obsolete."

Darcy turned in his chair.

"Ah, but what makes birds and animals happy?" he asked. "Food, food and mating."

Frank laughed gently in the stillness.

"Do not think I became a sensualist," he said. "I did not make that mistake. For the sensualist carries his miseries pick-a-back, and round his feet is wound the shroud that shall soon enwrap him. I may be mad, it is true, but I am not so stupid anyhow as to have tried that. No, what is it that makes puppies play with their own tails, that sends cats on their prowling ecstatic errands at night?"

He paused a moment.

"So I went to Nature," he said. "I sat down here in this New Forest, sat down fair and square, and looked. That was my first difficulty, to sit here quiet without being bored, to wait without being impatient, to be receptive and very alert, though for a long time nothing particular happened. The change in fact was slow in those early stages."

"Nothing happened?" asked Darcy rather impatiently, with the sturdy revolt against any new idea which to the English mind is synonymous with nonsense. "Why, what in the world \_should\_ happen?"

Now Frank as he had known him was the most generous, most quick-tempered of mortal men; in other words his anger would flare to a prodigious beacon, under almost no provocation, only to be quenched again under a gust of no less impulsive kindness. Thus the moment Darcy had spoken, an apology for his hasty question was half-way up his tongue. But there was no need for it to have travelled even so far, for Frank laughed again with kindly, genuine mirth.

"Oh, how I should have resented that a few years ago," he said. "Thank goodness that resentment is one of the things I have got rid of. I certainly wish that you should believe my story--in fact, you are going to--but that you at this moment should imply that you do not, does not concern me."

"Ah, your solitary sojournings have made you inhuman," said Darcy, still very English.

"No, human," said Frank. "Rather more human, at least rather less of an ape."

"Well, that was my first quest," he continued, after a moment, "the deliberate and unswerving pursuit of joy, and my method, the eager contemplation of Nature. As far as motive went, I dare say it was purely selfish, but as far as effect goes, it seems to me about the best thing one can do for one's fellow-creatures, for happiness is more infectious than small-pox. So, as I said, I sat down and waited; I

looked at happy things, zealously avoided the sight of anything unhappy, and by degrees a little trickle of the happiness of this blissful world began to filter into me. The trickle grew more abundant, and now, my dear fellow, if I could for a moment divert from me into you one half of the torrent of joy that pours through me day and night, you would throw the world, art, everything aside, and just live, exist. When a man's body dies, it passes into trees and flowers. Well, that is what I have been trying to do with my soul before death."

The servant had brought into the pergola a table with syphons and spirits, and had set a lamp upon it. As Frank spoke he leaned forward toward the other, and Darcy for all his matter-of-fact common-sense could have sworn that his companion's face shone, was luminous in itself. His dark brown eyes glowed from within, the unconscious smile of a child irradiated and transformed his face. Darcy felt suddenly excited, exhilarated.

"Go on," he said. "Go on. I can feel you are somehow telling me sober truth. I dare say you are mad; but I don't see that matters."

Frank laughed again.

"Mad?" he said. "Yes, certainly, if you wish. But I prefer to call it sane. However, nothing matters less than what anybody chooses to call things. God never labels his gifts; He just puts them into our hands; just as he put animals in the garden of Eden, for Adam to name if he felt disposed."

"So by the continual observance and study of things that were happy," continued he, "I got happiness, I got joy. But seeking it, as I did, from Nature, I got much more which I did not seek, but stumbled upon originally by accident. It is difficult to explain, but I will try.

"About three years ago I was sitting one morning in a place I will show you to-morrow. It is down by the river brink, very green, dappled with shade and sun, and the river passes there through some little clumps of reeds. Well, as I sat there, doing nothing, but just looking and listening, I heard the sound quite distinctly of some flute-like instrument playing a strange unending melody. I thought at first it was some musical yokel on the highway and did not pay much attention. But before long the strangeness and indescribable beauty of the tune struck me. It never repeated itself, but it never came to an end, phrase after phrase ran its sweet course, it worked gradually and inevitably up to a climax, and having attained it, it went on; another climax was reached and another and another. Then with a sudden gasp of wonder I localized

where it came from. It came from the reeds and from the sky and from the trees. It was everywhere, it was the sound of life. It was, my dear Darcy, as the Greeks would have said, it was Pan playing on his pipes, the voice of Nature. It was the life-melody, the world-melody."

Darcy was far too interested to interrupt, though there was a question he would have liked to ask, and Frank went on:

"Well, for the moment I was terrified, terrified with the impotent horror of nightmare, and I stopped my ears and just ran from the place and got back to the house panting, trembling, literally in a panic. Unknowingly, for at that time I only pursued joy, I had begun, since I drew my joy from Nature, to get in touch with Nature. Nature, force, God, call it what you will, had drawn across my face a little gossamer web of essential life. I saw that when I emerged from my terror, and I went very humbly back to where I had heard the Pan-pipes. But it was nearly six months before I heard them again."

"Why was that?" asked Darcy.

"Surely because I had revolted, rebelled, and worst of all been frightened. For I believe that just as there is nothing in the world which so injures one's body as fear, so there is nothing that so much shuts up the soul. I was afraid, you see, of the one thing in the world which has real existence. No wonder its manifestation was withdrawn."

"And after six months?"

"After six months one blessed morning I heard the piping again. I wasn't afraid that time. And since then it has grown louder, it has become more constant. I now hear it often, and I can put myself into such an attitude toward Nature that the pipes will almost certainly sound. And never yet have they played the same tune, it is always something new, something fuller, richer, more complete than before."

"What do you mean by 'such an attitude toward nature'?" asked Darcy.

"I can't explain that; but by translating it into a bodily attitude it is this."

Frank sat up for a moment quite straight in his chair, then slowly sank back with arms outspread and head drooped.

"That," he said, "an effortless attitude, but open, resting, receptive. It is just that which you must do with your soul."

Then he sat up again.

"One word more," he said, "and I will bore you no further. Nor unless you ask me questions shall I talk about it again. You will find me, in fact, quite sane in my mode of life. Birds and beasts you will see behaving somewhat intimately to me, like that moor-hen, but that is all. I will walk with you, ride with you, play golf with you, and talk with you on any subject you like. But I wanted you on the threshold to know what has happened to me. And one thing more will happen."

He paused again, and a slight look of fear crossed his eyes.

"There will be a final revelation," he said, "a complete and blinding stroke which will throw open to me, once and for all, the full knowledge, the full realization and comprehension that I am one, just as you are, with life. In reality there is no 'me,' no 'you,' no 'it.' Everything is part of the one and only thing which is life. I know that that is so, but the realization of it is not yet mine. But it will be, and on that day, so I take it, I shall see Pan. It may mean death, the death of my body, that is, but I don't care. It may mean immortal, eternal life lived here and now and for ever. Then having gained that, ah, my dear Darcy, I shall preach such a gospel of joy, showing myself as the living proof of the truth, that Puritanism, the dismal religion of sour faces, shall vanish like a breath of smoke, and be dispersed and disappear in the sunlit air. But first the full knowledge must be mine."

Darcy watched his face narrowly.

"You are afraid of that moment," he said.

Frank smiled at him.

"Quite true; you are quick to have seen that. But when it comes I hope I shall not be afraid."

For some little time there was silence; then Darcy rose.

"You have bewitched me, you extraordinary boy," he said. "You have been telling me a fairy-story, and I find myself saying, 'Promise me it is true.'"

"I promise you that," said the other.



"And I know I sha'n't sleep," added Darcy.

Frank looked at him with a sort of mild wonder as if he scarcely understood.

"Well, what does that matter?" he said.

"I assure you it does. I am wretched unless I sleep."

"Of course I can make you sleep if I want," said Frank in a rather bored voice.

"Well, do."

"Very good: go to bed. I'll come upstairs in ten minutes."

Frank busied himself for a little after the other had gone, moving the table back under the awning of the veranda and quenching the lamp. Then he went with his quick silent tread upstairs and into Darcy's room. The latter was already in bed, but very wide-eyed and wakeful, and Frank with an amused smile of indulgence, as for a fretful child, sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Look at me," he said, and Darcy looked.

"The birds are sleeping in the brake," said Frank softly, "and the winds are asleep. The sea sleeps, and the tides are but the heaving of its breast. The stars swing slow, rocked in the great cradle of the Heavens, and----"

He stopped suddenly, gently blew out Darcy's candle, and left him sleeping.

Morning brought to Darcy a flood of hard commonsense, as clear and crisp as the sunshine that filled his room. Slowly as he woke he gathered together the broken threads of the memories of the evening which had ended, so he told himself, in a trick of common hypnotism. That accounted for it all; the whole strange talk he had had was under a spell of suggestion from the extraordinary vivid boy who had once been a man; all his own excitement, his acceptance of the incredible had been merely the effect of a stronger, more potent will imposed on his own. How strong that will was he guessed from his own instantaneous obedience to Frank's suggestion of sleep. And armed with impenetrable commonsense he came down to breakfast. Frank had already begun, and was consuming a large plateful of porridge and milk with the most prosaic

and healthy appetite.

"Slept well?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. Where did you learn hypnotism?"

"By the side of the river."

"You talked an amazing quantity of nonsense last night," remarked Darcy, in a voice prickly with reason.

"Rather. I felt quite giddy. Look, I remembered to order a dreadful daily paper for you. You can read about money markets or politics or cricket matches."

Darcy looked at him closely. In the morning light Frank looked even fresher, younger, more vital than he had done the night before, and the sight of him somehow dinted Darcy's armour of commonsense.

"You are the most extraordinary fellow I ever saw," he said. "I want to ask you some more questions."

"Ask away," said Frank.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the next day or two Darcy plied his friend with many questions, objections and criticisms on the theory of life and gradually got out of him a coherent and complete account of his experience. In brief then, Frank believed that "by lying naked," as he put it, to the force which controls the passage of the stars, the breaking of a wave, the budding of a tree, the love of a youth and maiden, he had succeeded in a way hitherto undreamed of in possessing himself of the essential principle of life. Day by day, so he thought, he was getting nearer to, and in closer union with the great power itself which caused all life to be, the spirit of nature, of force, or the spirit of God. For himself, he confessed to what others would call paganism; it was sufficient for him that there existed a principle of life. He did not worship it, he did not pray to it, he did not praise it. Some of it existed in all human beings, just as it existed in trees and animals; to realize and make living to himself the fact that it was all one, was his sole aim and object.

Here perhaps Darcy would put in a word of warning.

"Take care," he said. "To see Pan meant death, did it not?"

Frank's eyebrows would rise at this.

"What does that matter?" he said. "True the Greeks were always right, and they said so, but there is another possibility. For the nearer I get to it, the more living, the more vital and young I become."

"What then do you expect the final revelation will do for you?"

"I have told you," said he. "It will make me immortal."

But it was not so much from speech and argument that Darcy grew to grasp his friend's conception as from the ordinary conduct of his life. They were passing, for instance, one morning down the village street, when an old woman, very bent and decrepit but with an extraordinary cheerfulness of face, hobbled out from her cottage. Frank instantly stopped when he saw her.

"You old darling! How goes it all?" he said.

But she did not answer, her dim old eyes were riveted on his face; she seemed to drink in like a thirsty creature the beautiful radiance which shone there. Suddenly she put her two withered old hands on his shoulders.

"You're just the sunshine itself," she said, and he kissed her and passed on.

But scarcely a hundred yards further a strange contradiction of such tenderness occurred. A child running along the path toward them fell on its face, and set up a dismal cry of fright and pain. A look of horror came into Frank's eyes, and, putting his fingers in his ears, he fled at full speed down the street and did not pause till he was out of hearing. Darcy, having ascertained that the child was not really hurt, followed him in bewilderment.

"Are you without pity then?" he asked.

Frank shook his head impatiently.

"Can't you see?" he asked. "Can't you understand that that sort of thing, pain, anger, anything unlovely throws me back, retards the coming of the great hour! Perhaps when it comes I shall be able to piece that side of life on to the other, on to the true religion of

joy. At present I can't."

"But the old woman. Was she not ugly?"

Frank's radiance gradually returned.

"Ah, no. She was like me. She longed for joy, and knew it when she saw it, the old darling."

Another question suggested itself.

"Then what about Christianity?" asked Darcy.

"I can't accept it. I can't believe in any creed of which the central doctrine is that God who is Joy should have had to suffer. Perhaps it was so; in some inscrutable way I believe it may have been so, but I don't understand how it was possible. So I leave it alone; my affair is joy."

They had come to the weir above the village, and the thunder of riotous cool water was heavy in the air. Trees dipped into the translucent stream with slender trailing branches, and the meadow where they stood was starred with midsummer blossomings. Larks shot up caroling into the crystal dome of blue, and a thousand voices of June sang round them. Frank, bare-headed as was his wont, with his coat slung over his arm and his shirt sleeves rolled up above the elbow, stood there like some beautiful wild animal with eyes half-shut and mouth half-open, drinking in the scented warmth of the air. Then suddenly he flung himself face downward on the grass at the edge of the stream, burying his face in the daisies and cowslips, and lay stretched there in wide-armed ecstasy, with his long fingers pressing and stroking the dewy herbs of the field. Never before had Darcy seen him thus fully possessed by his idea; his caressing fingers, his half-buried face pressed close to the grass, even the clothed lines of his figure were instinct with a vitality that somehow was different from that of other men. And some faint glow from it reached Darcy, some thrill, some vibration from that charged recumbent body passed to him, and for a moment he understood as he had not understood before, despite his persistent questions and the candid answers they received, how real, and how realized by Frank, his idea was.

Then suddenly the muscles in Frank's neck became stiff and alert, and he half-raised his head, whispering, "The Pan-pipes, the Pan-pipes. Close, oh, so close."

Very slowly, as if a sudden movement might interrupt the melody, he raised himself and leaned on the elbow of his bent arm. His eyes opened wider, the lower lids drooped as if he focused his eyes on something very far away, and the smile on his face broadened and quivered like sunlight on still water till the exultance of its happiness was scarcely human. So he remained, motionless and rapt for some minutes, then the look of listening died from his face, and he bowed his head satisfied.

"Ah, that was good," he said. "How is it possible you did not hear? Oh, you poor fellow! Did you really hear nothing?"

A week of this outdoor and stimulating life did wonders in restoring to Darcy the vigour and health which his weeks of fever had filched from him, and as his normal activity and higher pressure of vitality returned, he seemed to himself to fall even more under the spell which the miracle of Frank's youth cast over him. Twenty times a day he found himself saying to himself suddenly at the end of some ten minutes' silent resistance to the absurdity of Frank's idea: "But it isn't possible; it can't be possible," and from the fact of his having to assure himself so frequently of this, he knew that he was struggling and arguing with a conclusion which already had taken root in his mind. For in any case a visible living miracle confronted him, since it was equally impossible that this youth, this boy, trembling on the verge of manhood, was thirty-five. Yet such was the fact.

July was ushered in by a couple of days of blustering and fretful rain, and Darcy, unwilling to risk a chill, kept to the house. But to Frank this weeping change of weather seemed to have no bearing on the behaviour of man, and he spent his days exactly as he did under the suns of June, lying in his hammock, stretched on the dripping grass, or making huge rambling excursions into the forest, the birds hopping from tree to tree after him, to return in the evening, drenched and soaked, but with the same unquenchable flame of joy burning within him.

"Catch cold?" he would ask, "I've forgotten how to do it, I think. I suppose it makes one's body more sensible always to sleep out-of-doors. People who live indoors always remind me of something peeled and skinless."

"Do you mean to say you slept out-of-doors last night in that deluge?" asked Darcy. "And where, may I ask?"

Frank thought a moment.

"I slept in the hammock till nearly dawn," he said. "For I remember the light blinked in the east when I awoke. Then I went--where did I go?--oh, yes, to the meadow where the Pan-pipes sounded so close a week ago. You were with me, do you remember? But I always have a rug if it is wet."

And he went whistling upstairs.

Somehow that little touch, his obvious effort to recall where he had slept, brought strangely home to Darcy the wonderful romance of which he was the still half-incredulous beholder. Sleep till close on dawn in a hammock, then the tramp--or probably scamper--underneath the windy and weeping heavens to the remote and lonely meadow by the weir! The picture of other such nights rose before him; Frank sleeping perhaps by the bathing-place under the filtered twilight of the stars, or the white blaze of moonshine, a stir and awakening at some dead hour, perhaps a space of silent wide-eyed thought, and then a wandering through the hushed woods to some other dormitory, alone with his happiness, alone with the joy and the life that suffused and enveloped him, without other thought or desire or aim except the hourly and never-ceasing communion with the joy of nature.

They were in the middle of dinner that night, talking on indifferent subjects, when Darcy suddenly broke off in the middle of a sentence.

"I've got it," he said. "At last I've got it."

"Congratulate you," said Frank. "But what?"

"The radical unsoundness of your idea. It is this: All nature from highest to lowest is full, crammed full of suffering; every living organism in nature preys on another, yet in your aim to get close to, to be one with nature, you leave suffering altogether out; you run away from it, you refuse to recognize it. And you are waiting, you say, for the final revelation."

Frank's brow clouded slightly.

"Well," he asked, rather wearily.

"Cannot you guess then when the final revelation will be? In joy you are supreme, I grant you that; I did not know a man could be so master of it. You have learned perhaps practically all that nature can teach. And if, as you think, the final revelation is coming to you, it will be the revelation of horror, suffering, death, pain in all its hideous

forms. Suffering does exist: you hate it and fear it."

Frank held up his hand.

"Stop; let me think," he said.

There was silence for a long minute.

"That never struck me," he said at length. "It is possible that what you suggest is true. Does the sight of Pan mean that, do you think? Is it that nature, take it altogether, suffers horribly, suffers to a hideous inconceivable extent? Shall I be shown all the suffering?"

He got up and came round to where Darcy sat.

"If it is so, so be it," he said. "Because, my dear fellow, I am near, so splendidly near to the final revelation. To-day the pipes have sounded almost without pause. I have even heard the rustle in the bushes, I believe, of Pan's coming. I have seen, yes, I saw to-day, the bushes pushed aside as if by a hand, and piece of a face, not human, peered through. But I was not frightened, at least I did not run away this time."

He took a turn up to the window and back again.

"Yes, there is suffering all through," he said, "and I have left it all out of my search. Perhaps, as you say, the revelation will be that. And in that case, it will be good-bye. I have gone on one line. I shall have gone too far along one road, without having explored the other. But I can't go back now. I wouldn't if I could; not a step would I retrace! In any case, whatever the revelation is, it will be God. I'm sure of that."

\* \* \* \* \*

The rainy weather soon passed, and with the return of the sun Darcy again joined Frank in long rambling days. It grew extraordinarily hotter, and with the fresh bursting of life, after the rain, Frank's vitality seemed to blaze higher and higher. Then, as is the habit of the English weather, one evening clouds began to bank themselves up in the west, the sun went down in a glare of coppery thunder-rack, and the whole earth broiling under an unspeakable oppression and sultriness paused and panted for the storm. After sunset the remote fires of lightning began to wink and flicker on the horizon, but when bed-time came the storm seemed to have moved no nearer, though a very low

unceasing noise of thunder was audible. Weary and oppressed by the stress of the day, Darcy fell at once into a heavy uncomfortable sleep.

He woke suddenly into full consciousness, with the din of some appalling explosion of thunder in his ears, and sat up in bed with racing heart. Then for a moment, as he recovered himself from the panic-land which lies between sleeping and waking, there was silence, except for the steady hissing of rain on the shrubs outside his window. But suddenly that silence was shattered and shredded into fragments by a scream from somewhere close at hand outside in the black garden, a scream of supreme and despairing terror. Again and once again it shrilled up, and then a babble of awful words was interjected. A quivering sobbing voice that he knew, said:

"My God, oh, my God; oh, Christ!"

And then followed a little mocking, bleating laugh. Then was silence again; only the rain hissed on the shrubs.

All this was but the affair of a moment, and without pause either to put on clothes or light a candle, Darcy was already fumbling at his door-handle. Even as he opened it he met a terror-stricken face outside, that of the man-servant who carried a light.

"Did you hear?" he asked.

The man's face was bleached to a dull shining whiteness.

"Yes, sir," he said. "It was the master's voice."

\* \* \* \* \*

Together they hurried down the stairs, and through the dining-room where an orderly table for breakfast had already been laid, and out on to the terrace. The rain for the moment had been utterly stayed, as if the tap of the heavens had been turned off, and under the lowering black sky, not quite dark, since the moon rode somewhere serene behind the conglomerated thunder-clouds, Darcy stumbled into the garden, followed by the servant with the candle. The monstrous leaping shadow of himself was cast before him on the lawn; lost and wandering odours of rose and lily and damp earth were thick about him, but more pungent was some sharp and acrid smell that suddenly reminded him of a certain chalet in which he had once taken refuge in the Alps. In the blackness of the hazy light from the sky, and the vague tossing of the candle

behind him, he saw that the hammock in which Frank so often lay was tenanted. A gleam of white shirt was there, as if a man sitting up in it, but across that there was an obscure dark shadow, and as he approached the acrid odour grew more intense.

He was now only some few yards away, when suddenly the black shadow seemed to jump into the air, then came down with tappings of hard hoofs on the brick path that ran down the pergola, and with frolicsome skippings galloped off into the bushes. When that was gone Darcy could see quite clearly that a shirted figure sat up in the hammock. For one moment, from sheer terror of the unseen, he hung on his step, and the servant joining him they walked together to the hammock.

It was Frank. He was in shirt and trousers only, and he sat up with braced arms. For one half second he stared at them, his face a mask of horrible contorted terror. His upper lip was drawn back so that the gums of the teeth appeared, and his eyes were focused not on the two who approached him but on something quite close to him; his nostrils were widely expanded, as if he panted for breath, and terror incarnate and repulsion and deathly anguish ruled dreadful lines on his smooth cheeks and forehead. Then even as they looked the body sank backward, and the ropes of the hammock wheezed and strained.

Darcy lifted him out and carried him indoors. Once he thought there was a faint convulsive stir of the limbs that lay with so dead a weight in his arms, but when they got inside there was no trace of life. But the look of supreme terror and agony of fear had gone from his face, a boy tired with play but still smiling in his sleep was the burden he laid on the floor. His eyes closed, and the beautiful mouth lay in smiling curves, even as when a few mornings ago, in the meadow by the weir, it had quivered to the music of the unheard melody of Pan's pipes. Then they looked further.

Frank had come back from his bath before dinner that night in his usual costume of shirt and trousers only. He had not dressed, and during dinner, so Darcy remembered, he had rolled up the sleeves of his shirt to above the elbow. Later, as they sat and talked after dinner on the close sultriness of the evening, he had unbuttoned the front of his shirt to let what little breath of wind there was play on his skin. The sleeves were rolled up now, the front of the shirt was unbuttoned, and on his arms and on the brown skin of his chest were strange discolorations which grew momentarily more clear and defined, till they saw that the marks were pointed prints, as if caused by the hoofs of some monstrous goat that had leaped and stamped upon him.

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Louis Virtel, a comic I've been reading lately on Facebook – he was a contestant on Jeopardy last year, and some stupid GOP site tried to co-op his snapping fingers gesture – had this challenge to his followers. If you were to create a cultural coven with living female members, and one deceased person to idolize, who would you pick? Since the coven concept is not my bag, and I'm not a member of his coterie, I didn't post this to his site but thought I'd share it here:

**Joan Didion**

Trenchant journalist and author with flair for trashy entertainment.

**Ursula LeGuin**

Trailblazing feminist science fiction author.

**Sam Phillips**

Undervalued, underplayed singer-songwriter.

**Diana Ross**

Diva.

**Mare Winningham**

Favorite living character actress, currently undergoing career revival via Ryan Murphy.

Late person of worship: **Jill Clayburgh**

Played a notable: whore (Hustling), movie star (Gable and Lombard), divorcee (An Unmarried Woman), incestuous diva (Luna), drug-addict (I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can), Supreme Court justice (First Monday in October), and Kristen Wiig's ditzy mom (Bridesmaids). Has ties to Miss Ross (who sang the title to otherwise horrid It's My Turn) and Miss Murphy (her talented daughter Lily Rabe is one of his company) and, like Maddy Kahn, died way too young.

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**PD-TV**

<https://archive.org/details/StudioOneWintertime>

Anne Bancroft (billed as Anne Marno), as a Latvian refugee and anti-communist, and Patric Knowles as a repatriated German ship's captain forced to work in the black market, star in this turgid little drama set in 1946 Germany, aired live on 2 April 1951 on CBS. Of interest mainly for the cast and really neat, elaborate staging. 59.29

<https://archive.org/details/FourStarPlayhouseAStudyInPanic>



Pretty good 1954 1/2 hour drama starring Dick Powell and Dorothy Malone. Dick's a smartass columnist who writes light news most of the time, then goes out on a limb with a judgemental fire story, pissing off new copywriter Dot, and more violent types. A series of possibilities keep him spooked, as he covers a story about the closing of a joint called the Globe Theater, including King Donovan as the philosophical drunk in the alley. Guy after him (John Larch) later played the cop in Play Misty For Me. Ironically writing this the same night that NYC's Ziegfeld Theater, the last single-screen movie house in that town, is shutting down.

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### **An OTR Evening**

#### **Suspense, 6/16/44**

*A Friend to Alexander*, starring Geraldine Fitzgerald and Richard Whorf (?) Harry, a middle-aged architect, is haunted by hyper-realistic nightmares about Aaron Burr and relating them in the morning to his worried wife (Fitzgerald); even a pleasure trip to the Connecticut countryside cannot tame the dreams. Very creepy story; recording begins with news of the war about Japan and Normandy.

#### **Hall of Fantasy, 4/10/47**

*Man-Sized in Marble*. Newlywed struggling artist and his writer wife move into country cottage to save money. Title of this Utah-made production from an E. Nesbit tale refers to a pair of knights carved in effigy and 'resting' in the local church. Only they don't sleep all the time....

#### **Bold Venture, early 50's**

##### *The Quam Yi Statue*

Why did Sam Chu import a young woman from China named Mi-Lon to Havana? To smuggle the priceless title idol to the Americas, most likely. Enter a murderous shady character and his mute henchman to pick it up, by force.

#### **Richard Diamond, 2/5/50**

*Timothy the Seal*. In one of the funnier (and sillier) episodes, Diamond's devotion to his latest client brings B-movie thugs and raises the ire of his sultry gf Helen, not to mention some awfully wimpy cops. Warning: not for the squeamish animal-lover.

#### **Gunsmoke, 6/12/54**

##### *The Cover-Up*.

Drunken, gun-slinging 'nester' (aka sodbuster) Barnaby Hoffer comes into Dodge out for the blood of a neighbor, Art Long. Despite knifing Sheriff Dillon, Matt lets him loose, only to find out the neighbor is dead the next morning, and then Hoffer turns up dying in his dooryard. The likely culprit: a wealthy, ornery local rancher.

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From:

### **The U.S. Congressional Investigation of Radio and Television Programs: Re:Alleged Immoral And Improper Content Of Radio And Television Programs, June, 1952**

Pgs 125 - 129

...

Mr. [Joseph P.] O'hara [Congressman, MN]. If the contract is made with the advertiser that a certain person is to star on that program, does the advertiser actually have any control over what goes on the program other than what he might secure by contract?

I presume it would depend upon the contract which he had.

Mr. [John E.] Fetzer[chairman, television code review board, National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters]. From the standpoint of advertiser control, of course he has the objectives he wants to accomplish. He may have a product that he wants to advertise on a national basis. He may have distribution problems in some section of the country. He may find sales territories that are particularly weak. All those factors that determine what he wants to accomplish.

Mr. O'hara. What I am trying to get at is just exactly what the code board does. Your answers to Mr. Klein's questions trouble me as to what actually you would do in the way of control over what I think the average run of people would consider bad taste in something that comes on the screen and comes over the air.

You speak of this code which you had during the war which certainly functioned very well by the exercise of the various broadcasters of not broadcasting something that was against the security interests of our country. I do not see why you cannot have just as an effective code in regard to the standards of your programming if the industry earnestly and sincerely cooperates with you. If they do not, what are you going to do about it?

Mr. Fetzer. I will tell you what I would do personally. If I thought for one minute that the industry would not cooperate with me as chairman of that board, I would resign in a hurry.

Mr. O'hara. That would still leave the problem, would it not?

Mr. Fetzer. Yes, but I do not anticipate the necessity of doing that. I have every confidence that the industry is in dead earnest and is serious about this problem. I have concluded a number of conferences in the last couple of days and I have found open doors everywhere. I have found they are earnestly and sincerely attacking the problem.

One network distributed over a thousand copies of the code in its own organization all up and down the line. They said, "This is the code of operation that we are going to put into effect here."

Another network distributed over seven hundred copies of the code in its organization.

Admittedly, this is a complex job and one that is going to take time. I do not think for one minute we can produce a miracle overnight, but I think we can make definite headway. I think we are making headway.

I have every confidence in the industry. If they could do it in a wartime code, they can do it now. They are in earnest now; I can assure you of that.

Mr. O'hara. I think all of us on the committee are certainly aware of the complexities of the problems you have. We also recognize the practical problem the broadcaster has in putting on a television program over 14 to 18 hours a day. But, it does seem that there is some justification for complaints which have been made and some of the things which Members of Congress see that they do not like. I assure you it is not just a pressure group that is affecting the viewpoints of a good many Members of Congress. I think some of the advertising that goes on is offensively repetitious. It is in bad taste certainly in that regard and some of the risqué jokes and some of the things that go on are certainly not something that the average person enjoys. The fact is, he disapproves of it quite highly.

I think you if you have conditions subject to criticism continue for only a little while longer, you will really have an outraged public insist on something being done legislatively. Whether it can be done legally is a very serious question.

I do want to say, Mr. Fetzer, I appreciate your statement. I think you made an excellent statement. I will say frankly to you I am a bit troubled about just what is going to be done by the industry. That is all I have to say.

Mr. [Oren] Harris [Chairman, AR]. Mr. [Homer] Thornberry [TX].

Mr. Thornberry. Mr. Fetzer, do all the networks subscribe to your code?

Mr. Fetzer. Yes.

Mr. Thornberry. That is, the television networks?

Mr. Fetzer. Yes.

Mr. Thornberry. Is there a different code for radio broadcasters?

Mr. Fetzer. Yes.

Mr. Thornberry. How many television broadcasters are there? Eighty-eight?

Mr. Fetzer. You mean members of the association?

Mr. Thornberry. No, I mean total.

Mr. Fetzer. I think there are 108 or 109 television stations.

Mr. Thornberry. How many of those are subscribers to your code?

Mr. Fetzer. I believe there are 91.

Mr. Thornberry. You and the others you have named have consented to serve on this board from the standpoint of the public interest. You are trying to set up a standard which will give the broadcasters a guide by which they can determine the type of programming to be used that would be in good taste, that would appeal to the American public and that would be above the line which would be in bad taste which we all recognize.

You say whatever the people want that is what you are going to give them. Well, I have an idea it is just like saying to a Member of Congress that if he could conduct a Gallup poll that is the way he would vote.

The industry has a great challenge not only to say, "We are going to supply what we think the majority of the people want," but give the people an opportunity to appreciate the better things of life. I think it is a great challenge to the television industry.

The thing that bothers all of us is for you to come along and say, "We want the people of the United States to give us a license to operate on a channel." I think that is forgotten when you say, "We want to be free to do as we please."

I do not believe in censorship. I know the committee has considered this situation. I think you have in your statement recognized this problem. It is a great responsibility to go beyond majority acceptance.

I might say also that I think there are a number of commercials that are poor. I think in the long run they are going to cause an appeal to be made by the American people. I know I talked to Members of Congress. They feel commercials can be improved upon from the standpoint of advertising.

That is all, Mr. Chairman.

Mr. Harris. Mr. [Harmar/n] Denny.[PA]

Mr. Denny. I have no questions.

Mr. Harris. Mr. Fetzer, I had a few questions I wanted to ask.

First, touching on the point Mr. Thornberry just made, it is recognized among the industry that you are given a license by Government agency to operate a certain business. Is that true?

Mr. Fetzer. That is true.

Mr. Harris. Does the viewpoint of the industry recognize that the air belongs to the public %

Mr. Fetzer. I think the best way to approach that, sir, is to recall the fact that we are accustomed to living in a glass cage and we are forcibly reminded every hour on the hour of that very salient fact. Every move we make is subject to very violent cross-examination by the whole public.

In every program that is put on the air, there are wide ranges of disagreement over whether it is a good show or a bad show.

Mr. Harris. But you do recognize you are licensed to operate a business; in other words, you are permitted to use this particular channel, not that it belongs to you as an individual to exploit as you wish.

Mr. Fetzer. That is right. I recognize that fact from 30 years' experience of operating under a Government license.

I think we have some five to seven thousand regulations under which we now operate out of the rules and subtitles of the FCC. Every time we renew our license, we have to report on our stewardship, whether or not we think we did a good job or a bad job.

We are subject to cross-examination from top to bottom.

Certainly I can assure you, speaking as an individual, that I believe I very thoroughly understand that obligation.

Mr. Harris. In understanding that obligation, then, you do realize there is a real responsibility on the station operator and all segments of the industry in providing the American people with the type of programs that certainly would be above the ordinary level of the general thinking of the people. Is that true, or not?

Mr. Fetzer. That is certainly true.

Mr. Harris. You do not subscribe to the theory that was discussed a moment ago that you had to plan your programs on the level of the mentality or the thinking of the people generally, do you?

Mr. Fetzer. I subscribe to this philosophy: I think we are obligated to serve all classes of our society, not one class to the exclusion of any other. Unfortunately, there is only room enough for one program to run at a time.

Mr. Harris. You subscribe to that theory without any limitations on it whatsoever?

Mr. Fetzer. No. What I am seeking to say is this: We may run a symphony orchestra at one time, a comedian at another time; we may run a variety show at still another time; we may run a religious program at another, and an educational program at still another.

Admittedly, the whole public is not interested in each one of those classifications, but all segments of the public ultimately are served because those programs are available for those that like that particular type of fanfare.

Mr. Harris. I compliment you on subscribing to that type of programing. I think it is exceedingly good. I am talking about your statement with respect to designing programs to the level of the general mentality which evidently would be the general wishes of the American people.

For instance, if there is a fight taking place on the street, the people are going to flock out there. Does that mean to you that the people in America are anxious for a fight to take place somewhere?

Mr. Fetzer. No, it does not.

Mr. Harris. There is that inherent desire on the part of the average individual to get out there and see that, is there not?

Mr. Fetzer. Yes.

Mr. Harris. Even if it is the most violent tragedy that could happen.

Do you say that you could use that same type of principle in designing programs for the American people?

Mr. Fetzer. No; I do not say so at all.

Mr. Harris. I merely propound this question in view of the statements you made here and responses to questions that were asked you a moment ago.

Mr. Fetzer. I think we have the affirmative obligation to create programs that will satisfy all classes of society. I think that is what we are obligated to do by law, to satisfy all facets of society.

Obviously, we cannot satisfy all classes simultaneously. One program may be designed for mass appeal and the next one may be designed for class appeal.

For instance, we carry a program on our station from the University of Michigan. It is a 2-hour program every Sunday morning. Well, on this one occasion one of the professors was giving a discourse on astronomy. He made reference to the fact that the planet earth was the result of a splinter from the sun. He went on to explain his philosophy on that particular subject. Well, it was not long before a letter came in from a viewer who was greatly disturbed and said that this professor, during the course of his presentation, did not mention the Divine once. To quote:

If I read my Bible correctly, the world was created in 6 days. This program is greatly at variance with the Bible story and my child heard this. As a result I am having extreme difficulty with my family to explain this thing. I am greatly troubled. So it shows the extreme difficulty of serving all classes simultaneously. It just cannot be done. If a program is to have a certain objective, you must adhere to that objective for the class of people you want to serve. You cannot serve the whole public as one over-all umbrella simultaneously.

Mr. Harris. I am inclined to think no one would take a contrary position to what you have just stated. The question here was as to whether or not those diversified programs are all on a high standard and the type of programs that the various groups should observe. That seems to me is the whole point we are after here.

In that connection, I am very much impressed with the background that you gave regarding the members of your review board and the experience they had. I am sure all of you must have done an excellent job in the formulating of your television code. I have a copy of it here. I am somewhat disappointed in that you have not explained this code in detail. You have referred to it.

Mr. Fetzer. As we were originally set up, there was a witness to go on ahead of me to do that job.

Mr. Harris. I am sorry. We will look forward to that later. I suppose you would prefer that any questions with reference to the code itself be deferred until the witness that was going to testify on it appears.

Mr. Fetzer. Yes.

Mr. Chenoweth. Mr. Fetzer, I want to refer to your statement. You said you were trying to please all classes of people, but you could not do it simultaneously. Did you not mean to qualify that by saying that you would try to please them within bounds of decency and morality and without resorting to the offensive?

Mr. Fetzer. Yes indeed.

\_Mr. [J. Edgar] Chenoweth [CO]. Is that not what is causing all of this furore today, that certain programs have overstepped those bounds? They have not stayed within the realm of decency and morality and that is what has brought this criticism upon television and to a lesser extent upon radio?

Mr. Fetzer. I assure you from my standpoint I think if anyone is going to be fair-minded in the operation of a television property, he cannot consult his own likes or dislikes to the exclusion of others.

If I had my personal way there would be certain types of programs that I would not want on my station, that I do not agree with at all, and I do not like them as an individual. Some of them are greatly offensive to me as a person. Yet, by the same token, I find other classes of people who think that type of program is perfectly acceptable.

I do think we have to rely upon our good sense and sound judgment to eliminate that which is bad, that which goes beyond the bounds of propriety. Certainly you can count on me as one of the foremost advocates of that program as far as our board is concerned.

Mr. Chenoweth. I am sure of that. I wonder how far your board can go in removing those offensive elements.

Mr. Fetzer. The only thing I can say in regard to that is that our powers of persuasion have done quite all right in times past on code observance during the wartime period. We found most of the time that by going to the source and stating, "Look, this thing cannot go on; we want this thing changed," there were results. We did it quietly, on the side. We did not embarrass anybody. We think people under a voluntary code cannot be pushed around. We are going to try to persuade them to do this job. If we want to operate under some sanctions, we may have to come to that. I am very hopeful that most of the people will help carry out the good intentions which they have expressed to me personally about all these problems. I have been very optimistic on that score.

Mr. Chenoweth. You have done a good job. It is only since March that the code has been applied. You have made definite progress.

Would not the logical attitude be to wait for another 6 months and see what happens by that time before you have to revise your thinking on strengthening the code?

Mr. Fetzer. Our code is a continuing living document, subject to amendment. If we feel there are portions of it that do not apply, or do not work, we might amend it here, strengthen it there, in an effort to accomplish the job which I am sure we are all interested in doing.

The broadcaster cannot stay in business for long if he is offensive to the public. The only thing we have to sell from the standpoint of economics is a good virile public opinion. If we do not have that, we just are not in business.

Mr. Chenoweth. That is all, Mr. Chairman.

Mr. [Arthur G.] KLEIN [NY]. In your colloquy with Mr. Chenoweth on this question of morality, I do not want to go into any clichés here, but you probably heard the expression—I have forgotten who originally said it— "Nothing is bad, only thinking makes it so."

Let us say you devised a wonderful idea, a really fine cultural program. You take your television cameras into the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or the Louvre, or one of the fine museums of the world. Do you not agree with me if you did that and showed some of the statues, let us say Venus, or some other work of art, you would have many letters from people protesting, about the fact that some of the statues were unclothed?

Mr. Fetzer. Of course, you can only be hypothetical about it. I do not know what the public reaction is, or would be.

Mr. Klein. From your experience in the industry would you say that would be the result?

Mr. Fetzer. It might be.

Mr. Klein. As a result of those letters which were received would you decide then it was not proper, that was not the kind of program the American people ought to see?

Mr. Fetzer. If I were in situation like that, and again, speaking as an individual, I think I would carefully study the camera shots, the effect of the lighting, and what the effect would be on the other end of the screen.

If I felt it was a bad thing, I would not run it in the first place. If I felt it was acceptable and I still got complaints, I would still stand on my original ground. I would run it anyhow, because I am the custodian of my program. I have to stand or fall on my judgment.

Mr. Harris. That is a very good position to take. I trust that these station operators throughout the country are of the same firm determination.

On that point just to what extent, if any, do the station operators become bound by contracts of sponsors, advertising agencies, or producers of programs?

Mr. Fetzer. The station under the contractual arrangement has perfect freedom to accept and reject programs. I think somebody mentioned an illustration of a network who habitually violated some provision of the code. The station always has the recourse, if it feels that network program is not in the public interest, to remove it from its schedule.

Mr. Harris. You do not, then, become bound or unnecessarily influenced by these high powered advertising agencies?

Mr. Fetzer. If a program is thrown off the air, an agency may want to come to the station and persuade him to carry it. If the station in its own mind says, "This show is not acceptable to us. If you change your copy or if you make a revision here or there, we will reinstate the program, but until such time as you do, we just will not carry it", that will take care of that.

Mr. Harris. To what extent do sponsors of programs bring pressure on the station operator to run certain programs?

Mr. Fetzer. Generally about one telephone call on an incident of that kind would be about all you would hear from it. You either accept it or reject it. The stations are under no obligation whatsoever to carry programs that in their judgment are not satisfactory.

Mr. Harris. But you do have to depend on advertising agencies generally for your commercials?

Mr. Fetzer. That is right.

Mr. Harris. You do have to depend on the producing companies for your shows?

Mr. Fetzer. That is correct. We still have the prerogative to exercise as to whom we will do business with.

Mr. O'hara. To what extent do producers or actors insist on having no censorship in regard to what they do?

Mr. Fetzer. Again a lot of this would necessarily have to go back to the station which is the final authority on a matter of that kind. For instance, suppose an advertiser had a producer build a program for him and it had code violations in it. Suppose it was recorded on film. It would cost thousands upon thousands of dollars to produce that program. If offensive material was in it, somebody along the line, if the stations threw it off, would take quite a financial beating as a result. I should imagine that would not happen more than once before someone would enforce the code observance at the source. I am hoping that is the way it will work. I am hoping it will start with the stations, that the stations will assume the obligation to carry the type of program they believe to be in the public interest. I hope the stations will reject programs they feel are not in the public interest. In that way it will go right to the source.

We will be attempting to educate all avenues of production, wherever they are, to observe the code. We have in mind the holding of some clinics and a widespread educational program on code observance among all who have a hand in designing or building programs.

Mr. O'hara. To what extent are you bound by your networks? I mean the stations that sign up for a network program. What right do they have to cut that program off?

Mr. Fetzer. Under our contracts with the networks, we are permitted to eliminate any program at any time that we think is not a fit program to be on our schedule and it is affirmatively so stated in the contract with the networks.

Mr. O'hara. Of course, a lot of these network programs are what are called live programs, those which are produced live in front of the television cameras. They are not reduced to a film and then put out, but are produced and thrown on the screen as a live program; is that right?

Mr. Fetzer. Under our network contracts there is no distinction between a film or a live show. If a live show is unfit to be seen, we can take that off the schedule by the same token.

Mr. O'hara. After the damage is done sometimes.

Mr. Fetzer. There is always the one time when something goes wrong. But if there is an habitual situation that arises, there is nothing to prevent the station canceling that program.

Mr. Chenoweth. I want to pursue that one step further. To what extent is the television operator dependent upon the network for programs? In other words, suppose he decided a network program was not in the public interest and was offensive to his audience. He could not stay in business unless he accepted network programs? He could not produce enough local programs to interest his audience, could he?

Mr. Fktzer. I think his alternative in that case would be to run programs by film. We have some stations in the country that do not have network affiliations whose whole program structure is either locally originated or by motion-picture film.

Mr. O'hara. Is that a small community?

Mr. Fetzer. We have stations in the largest centers. We have stations in New York, in Los Angeles, that do not carry any network programs at all. They originate all of their shows themselves, or run them by film.

Mr. O'hara. That is the exception, rather than the rule?

Mr. Fetzer. Yes, that is true.

Mr. O'hara. The individual operator is to a large extent dependent upon the networks for his programs?

Mr. Fetzer. I think so.

Mr. O'hara. It would be a very expensive proposition to try to produce his own programs?

Mr. Fetzer. Indeed it would.

Mr. O'hara. That is all.

Mr. Harris. Thank you very much. We appreciate very much 3rouer coming down here and giving this testimony to the committee on this highly important subject. The committee regrets it will have to defer further hearings subject to the call of the Chair, because the situation of the House requires our attendance there, with apologies to the other witnesses who are here, and who contemplated being heard this morning.

We will endeavor to work out some satisfactory arrangement at some future date. The committee will adjourn.

(The following statement was submitted for the record:)

Statement Of Herbert Monte Levy, Staff Counsel, American Civil Liberties Union, Before The Subcommittee Of The House Of Representatives InterState And Foreign Commerce Committee On House Resolution 278, InvestiGating Alleged Immoral And Improper Content Of Radio And Television Programs

My name is Herbert Monte Levy. I am the staff counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union on whose behalf I appear here today.

The task of this subcommittee, appointed pursuant to Mr. Gathings' House Resolution 278, is to investigate and study:

"(1) to determine the extent to which the radio and television programs currently available to the people of the United States contain immoral or otherwise offensive matter or place improper emphasis on crime, violence, and corruption" and to make appropriate recommendations.

We believe that existing laws are more than adequate to deal with the problem raised, and we believe that it would be virtually impossible to draw up any further legislation which would not violate the provisions of the Bill of Rights of the United States Constitution. The right of the radio and television industry to freedom of artistic expression is a precious right. To derogate therefrom would be to impose censorship on that industry, a censorship to which we are unalterably opposed.

{ 1) Adequacy of existing laics



The laws of the United States already make it a criminal offense to broadcast or televise obscene programs (18 U. S. C. sec. 1464). Under the Federal Communications Act (47 U. S. C. sec. 309), no person can operate a radio or TV station without a license being granted by the Federal Communications Commission, and under the rules of that Commission, licenses can be denied—and doubtless the Commission will assure you would be denied—if the material broadcast by the station was not in the public interest, convenience, and necessity. The Commission will always scrutinize the over-all programing structure of a radio station when its license comes up for renewal to determine if that programing has comported with the public interest, convenience, and necessity. And stations do have what they call "continuity departments," a euphemistic term for censors. Each station or network carefully screens what it sends out over the air. If it transgresses, the proper remedy is revocation of its license or prosecution for violation of law. Thus, there already exists a twofold remedy for the alleged evils in radio and TV that this committee is investigating. In addition to the criminal law, which can always be enforced to punish obscenity, we have the licensing power of the Federal Communications Commission. We fail to see why the enforcement of these two remedies would not be adequate to prevent the evils here.

(2) Near impossibility of additional laws being constitutional

We fail to see what legislation this subcommittee could possibly propose that would be constitutional. Only as recently as May 26, 1952, our United States Supreme Court struck down as unconstitutional a New York statute which permitted the banning of motion picture films on the ground that they were sacrilegious (*Burstyn v. Wilson*, 20 U. S. Law Week 4239). Certainly radio and television fall within the aegis of the first amendment protecting freedom of speech, just as motion pictures do (*Rumely v. United States*, decided April 29, 1952, U. S. Court of Appeals for District of Columbia, slip-sheet opinion, p. 20).

What, then, could this committee possibly recommend for legislation? Could it require that all programs be submitted to a censor before dissemination? Obviously not. Said the Supreme Court in *Burstyn v. Wilson*, at page 4331:

"The statute involved here does not seek to punish, as a past offense, speech or writing falling within the permissible scope of subsequent punishment. On the contrary, New York requires that permission to communicate ideas be obtained in advance from State officials who judge the content of the words and pictures sought to be communicated. This Court recognized many years ago that such a previous restraint is a form of infringement upon freedom of expression to be especially condemned (*Near v. Minnesota ex rel. Olson*, 283 U. S. 697 (1931)). The Court there recounted the history which indicates that a major purpose of the first amendment guaranty of a free press was to prevent prior restraints upon publication, although it was carefully pointed out that the liberty of the press is not limited to that protection."

While in some cases a previous restraint might perhaps be constitutionally permissible under the *Burstyn* ruling—for example, as the Court indicated, it is not yet resolved "whether a State may censor under a clearly drawn statute designed and applied to prevent the showing of obscene films"—we submit that such a requirement would be ruled unconstitutional. This is clearly the limit to which the Congress could go in this field in the area of radio and TV. It is certainly unnecessary in view of the criminal law which is an effective deterrent to obscenity. Moreover, any precensoring of the content of all radio and TV programs would, whether or not constitutional, be completely incapable of enforcement. Could the Congress possibly legislate to prevent "offensive material" or the placing of "improper emphasis on crime, violence, and corruption"? We say no. We cite the experience of the New York State Legislature. It attempted such a statute which was struck down for vagueness by the United States Supreme Court in *Winters v. New York* (333 U. S. 507 (1948)), because it was unconstitutionally vague. The legislature in New York made two tries thereafter to enact legislation which they thought would be constitutional. In both cases Governor Dewey vetoed the legislation because he believed that it fell clearly within the condemnatory language of the *Winters* case.

It might be contended, as it so often is, that the Congress should pass the legislation and let the Supreme Court throw it out if it is unconstitutional. This is a doctrine which shocks us. We earnestly hope that it will not be suggested to this subcommittee, for the Members of Congress have taken an oath to support the United States Constitution and are under just as high an obligation as the Supreme Court is to enforce its provisions. We feel that any legislation suggested by the terms of the resolution would be so patently unconstitutional that it should not even be recommended by the subcommittee. Moreover, while any such legislation was being tested—and you gentlemen know how lengthy test cases are—the legislation would have an inevitable repressive effect upon broadcasters, authors, and publications in violation of the first amendment.

One more point. We see by the papers that there has been much discussion about the effect of the code prescribed by the National Association of Radio and TV Broadcasters in purportedly uplifting not only necklines but the general content of the radio and TV programs. We, of course, have no facilities to police air waves to see if its provisions have been observed. But we do know that if the provisions of the code are observed, the result will not be an improvement of programing, but will lessen the quality of that programing. I have taken much time already in expressing my views, for which I thank the members of the subcommittee, and rather than belabor the point here I have annexed hereto the letter we wrote to the Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission calling for an official hearing to determine whether the code conforms to the Federal Communications Act. We urge this subcommittee to consider it seriously, for it seems to us that it is the freedom of the people, not their morals, that is being threatened today. The broadcasting industry should not deprive itself of freedom.

The glory of our way of life, that which distinguishes it from Communist totalitarianism, is the freedom of speech protected by the first amendment. This, of course, entails risks, risks that the evils investigated by this subcommittee may very well embody—but these are risks which were weighed by our founding fathers who gave us our Constitution with its first amendment. We urge that in the spirit of this Constitution this subcommittee recommend that existing laws are more than adequate to deal with the problems presented and that additional legislation would be not only unwise but unconstitutional. Freedom of expression of the radio and television industry must be preserved unimpaired.

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### **History Of "See It Now "**

Attached To Statement Of Jack L. Van Volkenberg

The idea behind See It Now evolved through the progressive stages of the I Can Hear It Now record albums produced in 1947, 1948, and 1949, and the hourlong radio program on the CBS radio network Hear It Now, broadcast from December 1950 through June 1951. Planning for See It Now began in midsummer of 1950, although the program did not take to air until November 1951. The staff of CBS-Television and Edward R. Murrow were conscious of the serious need of a weekly program in the news area which would coordinate and integrate developments during the week and interpret them to a mass audience in an interesting and understandable form. In order to achieve this objective, the program had to be infused with a degree of imaginativeness and excitement not hitherto experienced in television news programs, and it had to be the product of technical and editorial creativeness for which there was no previous pattern.

Since the technological facilities of television were inadequate during the fall of 1950 for the production of such broadcast, the decision was made to create this general type of show for radio and to study the radio production with a view toward its eventual adaptation to television.

Building the staff for See It Now began during mid-June 1951. The acquisition and modification of technical facilities for such a program began at the same time. Both steps meant real pioneering. There was no trained personnel for a show of this type nor were there technical facilities readily adaptable.

The core of the See It Now staff came from the staff for Hear It Now, including Edward R. Murrow and Fred Friendly the coproducers; Jesse Zousmer and John Aaron, writer editors; Ed Scott, producer editor; Joe Wershba, reporter; and Ed Gille, audio technician. To this nucleus was added Palmer Williams who had had extensive experience in newsreel producing, writing, editing, and research and Bill McClure who had been foreign editor stationed in Europe for a number of newsreel companies.

Technical facilities were even more difficult. Originators of the plan were convinced that there was no sound and film combination of adequate quality to produce the type of show desired on television picture tubes. Hence it was necessary to experiment with a combination of sound tape and 35-mm. film which could be edited swiftly and brought into lip synchronization, with a minimum effort. Swift editing was the key since it was determined that intelligent editing rather than stunts or technical innovations would be the foundation upon which the show was to be built.

In order to avoid the static situation common to television news, based upon the broadcaster sitting at a desk alternately reading and showing film, the staff sought to devise a new form. It was decided that the most realistic situation was to place the broadcaster on See It Now, Mr. Murrow, in a control room where he could give directions to the television director and observe the progress of the show on monitors. In order to achieve such a situation, it became necessary to conduct a series of difficult experiments in the synchronization of film as fed directly to the transmitter with film as it appears on a monitor in the control room. It was also necessary to determine whether the camera placed in the control room could successfully take the images off one or more monitors in the control room with sufficient quality to enable the staff to proceed on this basis.

A series of experiments in which the entire top strata of CBS-Television and CBS general engineering participated proved that with certain modifications such a technique would be possible and effective. The one other major problem before the program series could be scheduled was largely a traffic matter. It was the problem of coordinating live pickups from various sections of the country in such fashion that they could be controlled from a single control point. Some ingenious and thorough efforts on the part of the CBS traffic department solved this problem and enabled the staff to proceed with the building of the show.

The first broadcast went on the air November 18, 1951. Sponsorship by the Aluminum Co. of America was assumed on December 2, 1951.

### **II. PROGRAM FORMAT**

In his original See It Now broadcast, Edward R. Murrow explained that See It Now would neither attempt to cover all the news nor adhere to a rigid format; rather it would adapt its contents to the specific needs of the moment as analyzed by the producers. As a result, See It Now varies substantially from week to week.

The only part of the procedure that may be regarded as standard is the inclusion of a tailpiece of documentary nature on each broadcast. In the first show this took the form of an examination of the life of a combat company of the Twenty-fourth Division in the Korean front lines. In subsequent broadcasts it portrayed 4 weeks in the life of a candidate for nomination for the Presidency of the United States; the career of a pint of blood from its donation in a Red Cross blood center to surgery in a field hospital on the front lines in Korea; and life in a West Virginia coal-mining community. Documentary stories now in preparation include a pictorial analysis of SHAPE and the biography of Winston Churchill.

Preceding the "tail piece," See It Now normally presents short pictorial representations of important items in the week's news and live pickups from important newsmaking points. One week the program gave viewers an opportunity to see both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans simultaneously. Another week they saw the frigate Constitution, commonly known as Old Ironsides, and another occasion the tank arsenal in Detroit and a jet-plane factory on Long Island. The objective behind these efforts is to present a treatment of world news which is perhaps in nature more comparable to the picture magazine than to the standard television news broadcast.

### III. PERSONNEL

The permanent staff of See It Now includes 18 persons; these 18 are broken down as follows:

Producers (two), one of which is Edward R. Murrow who is also the narrator

Writer editors (five)

Reporter editors (two)

European correspondent (one)

Script editor (one)

Coordinator between sound and picture (one)

Television director (one)

Audio engineers (two)

Program assistant (one)

Stenotype operator (one) Additional personnel which devotes a large share of its time to See It Now includes film editors (three), laboratory technicians (three), and cameramen (four).

Thus the production of one single broadcast of See It Now involves 38 persons exclusive of part-time correspondents and cameramen, employees of CBS-TV affiliated stations, and official of CBS-Television who also devote time to this broadcast.

### IV. CRITICAL REACTION

Jack Gould, New York Times, November 25, 1951: " \* \* \* by all odds one of the major events of the current video season. Mr. Murrow and Mr. Friendly \* \* \* essentially are bringing to television the one quality for which the medium has been literally starved: original thinking."

John Crosby, New York Herald Tribune, November 23, 1951: "See It Now, which has been in preparation for 6 months, is the logical extension to the highly successful album of records, I Can Hear It Now, and to its radio counterpart, the Peabody award-winning Hear It Now. It is not—and is not intended to be—a complete review of the week's news; it is, instead, an almost entirely new form of journalism, told in the voices and faces of the people who made the news; a technique that offers a deeper insight into the headlines and the people who make them—who they are and what sort of people they are."

Radio & Television, Time, November 26, 1951: "With See It Now \* \* \* the coproducers have produced television's best and liveliest news show."

Radio-TV, Newsweek, December 3, 1951: "In See It Now \* \* \* the coproducers have another winner."

Variety, November 21, 1951: "See It Now, a document for TV, is an exciting half-hour in television. As presented on Sunday afternoons (18) premiere, this TV offshoot of last season's Hear It Now radio program packed a wallop that suggested, for the first time, the video medium's enormous potential in the realm of news-special events when all the proper TV techniques are brought into play. \* \* \* there was revealed careful planning, judicious editing and always a maximum flair for showmanship."

Jack Gould, New York Times, Monday, November 19, 1951: "A striking and compelling demonstration of the power of television as a journalistic tool, lifting the medium to a new high in maturity and usefulness, was provided yesterday afternoon with the premiere of Edward R. Murrow's program See It Now (3: 30 p. m. on the Columbia Broadcasting System).

"In its emotional impact, sensitivity and drama, the commentator's 30-minute review of the week's news was in all respects a magnificent achievement, absorbing in its exploitation of video's technical capabilities and human and revealing in its understanding and point of view.

"To television, in short, finally has come Mr. Murrow's rare feeling for the value of understatement in reporting the news and telling the facts as they are. Those qualities obviously were a source of inspiration for all who contributed to the success of See It Now and, more important, to the persons privileged to watch their efforts.

"Television had a taste of its true glory yesterday."

Dwight Newton, San Francisco Examiner, December 4, 1951: " \* \* \* In 3 weeks they have easily reached and surpassed anything else we have seen in TV news programs."

James Abbe, Oakland Tribune, December 10, 1951: "We want more programs like that Sunday job CBS-TV sends us."

Mr. Harris. Mr. Klein, you may inquire.

Mr. Klein. Mr. Van Volkenburg, this is an excellent statement. It demonstrates to the committee the desire of the industry to do everything possible to help itself. We appreciate this is a business, and in order for the television industry to be able to expand and to get more advertisers, and to get more programs and to get more television sets, you have to give the public what it wants. However, let me say this: I started off these hearings with the feeling or the impression that you were interested, and you should be interested, in giving the public only what it wants. If you did not, the public would not buy your product and would not watch your shows. But I must confess that after listening to some of these witnesses I have changed my concept somewhat.

I think yours is a greater responsibility than that. It is not only your job to give the public what it wants. I think you have got to give them a little more.

You have here an analysis of the mystery type of shows, and you have compared it with the number of mystery movies and mystery books. Now, I do not think, and I think that you would agree with uie, after giving it a little thought, that that is a fair comparison. There is a difference between going to a movie house and seeing a picture or seeing a show that you want to see. You select that place, and. you can go to any number of places, and go into a particular place and say "That is the picture I want to see."

The same applies to a book. But the television programs come into your home; and, therefore, I would be willing to go a little way with some of these people who have testified that you cannot turn these programs off. Maybe I am a little more fortunate in that my children listen to me when I turn a program off and say "I don't want you to watch that program." But there is a good deal to be said for parents who say "I can't turn that program off. My kids are interested. They want to see it and, once the thing has begun, it is almost impossible to do it."

I am impressed with the fact that the industry itself appreciates that, and realizes its responsibility, and it desires, as I see it from your \_ testimony and the other testimony that we have had of the industry, to improve the types of programs and possibly to improve the taste of the people.

I appreciate the fine work that is being done. I see not only from your statement, but I knew about it before that the industry attempts to regulate itself. I am a great believer in that, as you know. I am opposed to censorship in any form. I think the best censorship is to turn it off, but I will agree with Mr. Denny when he made the statement yesterday "We don't want you to turn it off," and I do not think you do either.

Mr. Van Volkenburg. No, sir.

Mr. Klein. And you realize that, even if we do not turn it off, if we simply turn your station off and go to another one, that is going to do some harm to you; and, therefore, you want to avoid that.

I want to commend the industry on the strides it is making.

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Most popular NYC concert downloads

<https://archive.org/details/mmj2008-12-31>

2008-12-31: Madison Square Garden

Jan 2, 2009 My Morning Jacket

<https://archive.org/details/gd79-01-08.gatto.glyde.10283.sbeok.shnf>

1979-01-08: Madison Square Garden

Mar 26, 2004 Grateful Dead

<https://archive.org/details/moe.2007-12-31.matrix.flac>

2007-12-31: Radio City Music Hall

Jan 5, 200 moe.

<https://archive.org/details/kw2003-11-15.flac16>

2003-11-15: Irving Plaza

Oct 23, 2006 Keller Williams

<https://archive.org/details/tND2004-11-27>

2004-11-27: the Bowery Ballroom

Dec 1, 2004 The New Deal

<https://archive.org/details/ra2011-12-05.sbd.webcast.vgrm50.flac16>

2011-12-05: Ed Sullivan Theater

Dec 10, 2011 Ryan Adams+

<https://archive.org/details/tlg2006-04-22.ak40ak20.flac16>

2006-04-22: CBGB

Apr 26, 2006 Tea Leaf Green

[https://archive.org/details/as2012-04-11.bowery\\_acidjack](https://archive.org/details/as2012-04-11.bowery_acidjack)

2012-04-11: Bowery Ballroom

Apr 20, 2012 Alabama Shakes

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<https://archive.org/details/ramonescbgb4277>

Ramones CBGB New York, NY 4-2-77 (Late Show)

COMMUNITY-AUDIO

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ADDENDA

<https://archive.org/details/gov.ntis.ava09891.vnb1>

Atomic Attack

by National Archives and Records Administration

Published 1950

Phyllis Thaxter, Walter Matthau, Patty McCormack

Family deals with the Bomb in Westchester, 50m from NYC.

<https://archive.org/details/ConeyIs11940>

INDIE-FOOTAGE-1940

[https://archive.org/details/ldpd\\_11290396\\_000](https://archive.org/details/ldpd_11290396_000)

Relics of Manhattan [electronic resource] : a series of photographs, from pen and ink sketches taken on the spot by Greatorex, Eliza, 1819-1897 1869

[https://archive.org/details/middleton\\_family\\_worlds\\_fair\\_1939](https://archive.org/details/middleton_family_worlds_fair_1939)

MOVIE

[https://archive.org/details/world\\_trade\\_center](https://archive.org/details/world_trade_center)

1976 Footage of World Trade Center from a work print

<https://archive.org/details/40YearsAfterStonewall>

<https://archive.org/details/NycTrafficTimeLapse>

8 second clips

<https://archive.org/details/NewYorkSkylineTimeLapseMarch2008>

Another clip.

<https://archive.org/details/BbcTelevisionReceivedInNewYork-1938>

The four-minute compilation from 1938 exists only because of a technological fluke and the enthusiasm of two television buffs, one in Britain and the other in America where, thanks to freak atmospheric conditions, it was picked up and recorded on a cine camera placed in front of a television screen as the images came in.

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One of seven or more public domain films – including the original 1930 production of Phillip Barry's *Holiday* – on Archive starring Ann Harding, a Texas babe who almost always played upscale sob-sisters in the 1930's. Later on in her career, she played mother-types.

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## LIVE MUSIC

<http://prairiehome.org/shows/february-6-2016/>

Chris Thile is no Garrison Keillor when it comes to dry humor, but he plays a mean mandolin. Ironically, he's been hand-picked by Keillor to replace him as the latter pro has finally decided to retire ( ☺ ) for good. Paul Simon was the supposed headliner but Andrew Bird really stole the show, also the singer Sarah Jarosz (her song Adieu, with Thile, was lovely). Low point was a female comic doing off-color jokes as a crabby old lady and Thile doing a folkie version of a rap song. Please, white people, stop dragging this dreck onto our shows. Paul sang a new one called Wristband, possibly written on the spot backstage, as it was about said accessory, a must-have for musicians these days. He also did The Boxer and another nice one I didn't recognize. Bird performed Three White Horses and a couple new ones – Chemical Switches and Left-Handed Kisses - - from his soon-to-be-released album, "Are You Serious?".

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Are\\_You\\_Serious](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Are_You_Serious)



Dani Cantó - Andrew Bird with violin, 2009.

(Wikipedia article on Bird)

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<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/2.0/>

<https://archive.org/details/AndrewBird2014-06-20.flac>

He's been around since the early 90's but the above PHC show was my first real listen. I may have heard him before on that show, but he really shone last night. I hear Paul Simon, James Taylor, and Rufus Wainwright in his music, also Iron & Wine, maybe a little Sandy Denny.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Andrew\\_Bird](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Andrew_Bird)



Recent albums:

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Things\\_Are\\_Really\\_Great\\_Here,\\_Sort\\_Of%E2%80%A6](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Things_Are_Really_Great_Here,_Sort_Of%E2%80%A6)

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hands\\_of\\_Glory](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hands_of_Glory)

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Break\\_It\\_Yourself](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Break_It_Yourself)



Sarah Jarosz performing live at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco, CA on Tuesday April 29th, 2014. (Wikipedia) [CC BY 2.0](#)

[Justin Higuchi](#)

<https://archive.org/details/sjt2015-04-04.matrix>

Sarah Jarosz Trio Live at Broyhill Civic Center on 2015-04-04

Motes of Shawn Colvin and Patty Griffin in this subdued performance. Soft, sweet, lulling voice and gentle mandolin / guitar play. Covers of Griffin, Cat Stevens, Bob Dylan, and others.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sarah\\_Jarosz](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sarah_Jarosz)

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<https://archive.org/details/doubledealer00friegooq>

**The Double-Dealer**, a literary magazine based in New Orleans.

Native Louisianan Julius Weis Friend founded and edited The Double Dealer in 1921, after a 14-month stint serving in WWI, but by 1926 he decided to focus on his own essays and reviews, which were published in other papers, shutting down the magazine. Following are selected screenshots from The Double-Dealer's early years...

## The Accident

The Omnipotent was showing off the earth to one of his friends.

"Observe," he said, "the singular beauty of that ocean! See how its colors blend as the waves surge through them! I flatter myself that I did rather a good day's work in creating that."

"Very fine indeed," replied his friend.

"And over there, on the eastern side, the stern loveliness of that mountain! That touch of snow on the summit sets off so strikingly the rolling green of the lower slopes. Not bad at all as an artistic endeavor, now is it?"

"Most commendable," agreed his friend.

"And look closely," he went on, "at the remarkable grace of some of these birds and animals. Don't you admire the easy sweep of that sea-gull's wing, and the rippling glide of the tiger?"

"That reminds me," said his friend "What is that strange creature which we see everywhere to be infesting your world? It is not beautiful to look at; it seems to have set up shells or nests that are certainly hideous; and from the terrible groans and cries it emits I gather it is not happy. Fortunately, it seems to be engaged principally in mutual extermination; but what under the sun is it?"

The Omnipotent blushed slightly and cleared his throat.

"To tell the truth," he murmured, "I rather hoped you'd overlook that. It is a little experiment I made one day that I am sorry to say turned out quite badly. I have tried several times to destroy it, but so far I have discovered no cure for the pest."

"It is called Man."

M. A. DE FORD.

Typos courtesy the 1966 reprint, though DD itself has a few boo-boos.



## ELECTROCUTION

A foam of lightning breaks on the barred pane.  
He shudders: *voltage.....stretches you apart*  
*As it does bleeding roots, and trunks that start*  
*And twist alive and writhe up off the plain*  
*Like threads of tortured silver.....* But the guards—  
Monstrous deft dolls that move as on a string—  
In wonted haste to finish with this thing,  
Turn faces blanker than asphalted yards.

They hear the shriek that tore out of its sheath  
But as a feeble moan... yet dare not breathe,  
Who stare there at him, arching—like a tree  
When the winds wrench it and the earth holds tight—  
To fuse in flaming circuit with the night  
His soul, expanding with white agony.

LOLA RIDGE.

One of my favorite poets of the era, Ridge continued writing til her 1941 death.

## Indifference

BY MARX G. SABEL

I have grown too wise  
To mutter curses,  
I have seen too many eyes,  
Too many hearses—

I have seen the one I love  
Sleep, and wake, and move!

## The Weavers

BY CARMELITE JANVIER

Life is a loom on which we weave our dreams;  
The warp is gray . . .  
As gray as slanting rain  
Or twilight  
Or the desolate sands on which the hungry gulf  
Forever gnaws and changes not.  
But many-colored is the changing woof  
And some there be whose colors never fade,  
But glow and deepen as the ever marching years  
Turn dreams to deeds.  
But some buy cheaply in the market place:  
Getting a red at cost, a purple for a song,  
Or, happily,  
A blue thrown in for measure!  
Then, lo, before the pattern is complete—  
If any pattern they were working on  
And not a "hit and miss" or "crazy quilt" design—  
The woof is grayer than the warp . . .  
As gray as factory smoke.

The 20's was an era of colorful names too.

## Black Tambourine

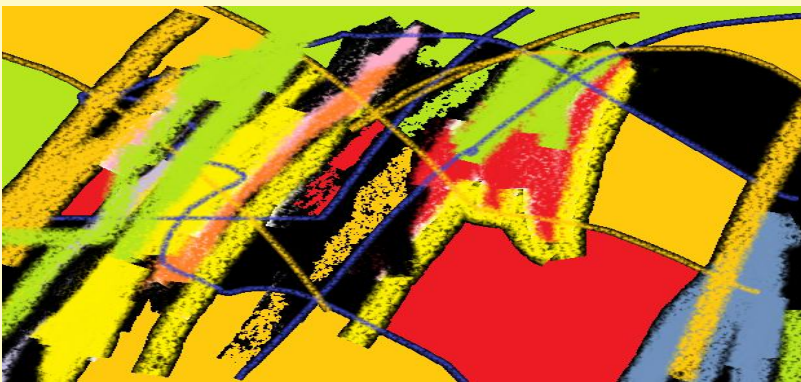
By HART CRANE.

The interests of a black man in a cellar  
Mark an old judgment on the world.  
Gnats toss in the shadow of a bottle,  
And a roach spans a crevice in the floor.

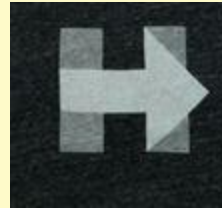
Aesop, driven to pondering, found  
Heaven with the tortoise and the hare:  
Fox brush and sow ear top his grave,  
And mingle incantations on the air.

The black man, forlorn, in the cellar,  
Wanders in some mid-kingdom, dark, that lies  
Between his tambourine, stuck on the wall,  
And, in Africa, a carcass quick with flies.

One of several early works by Crane to be featured in Double-Dealer.



Feeling Abstracted, by Matt Pierard, 2016



## New Orleans

Do you remember  
Honey-melon moon  
Dripping thick sweet light  
Where Canal Street saunters off by herself  
among quiet trees?  
And the faint decayed patchouli—  
Fragrance of New Orleans . . .  
New Orleans,  
Like a dead tube rose  
Upheld in the warm air . . .  
Miraculously whole.

LOLA RIDGE.

## Wind in the Alleys

Wind, rising in the alleys,  
My spirit lifts in you like a banner  
streaming free of hot walls.  
You are full of unshaped dreams . . .  
You are laden with beginnings . . .  
There is hope in you . . . not sweet . . .  
acid as blood in the mouth.  
Come into my tossing dust  
Scattering the peace of old deaths,  
Wind rising out of the alleys  
Carrying stuff of flame.

LOLA RIDGE.

Poems featured in The New Republic, 1921